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The SOUTHERN Magazine

Louisiana Number

March 1935

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Vol. I 25c Copy No. 11

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By

KATE MAYHEW SPEAKE PENNEY
Of Birmingham, Ala.

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The First Word

COMING ATTRACTIONS

The April or Spring issue will be an innovation in article selection for THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE. From the depths of history, literature, famous personalities in which it has dealt for months past, it will turn to the gaiety of Spring and Early Summer Festivals of Flowers, Music, Art and Drama as depicted in the mountain sections of North Carolina and Virginia.

Mountain Industries will have an important part and several articles of interest have been prepared concerning the work of Penland Weavers, Jugtown Potters and Sanford Maker of Beautiful Ceramics.

Another article which is a departure from the usual line of interest will be a Visit To The Gardens of Old Virginia by the Editor who has made several tours of Virginia's Famous Gardens to gather suitable material for this presentation.

* * * *

The May issue will be devoted to Texas. Miss Decca Lamar West, Mrs. W. W. Turner, Mrs. C. C. Cameron, Mrs. Grace Dupree Ridings, Mrs. I. B. McFarland and Mrs. D. P. Roberts are a committee of workers who are securing the valuable material for this issue from various sources which will prove most interesting to the readers of The Southern Magazine. Do not miss these issues.

* * * *

ATTENTION SUBSCRIBERS!—All those who send in their subscriptions dated January, February, March, will have their renewals dated the first of April 1935, instead of March 1935. Cards are being sent out to all those who subscribed in these three months of last year and this number is the last issue of the first years series. Send in subscriptions promptly as you will not want to miss a single coming number. Neither do we want to cut off one of our loyal friends. If you can not renew at once, sent a card and we will hold you on until you can send check. We thank you cordially for your support and wish to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation.

The SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

Published in the interest of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and Southern States. Devoted to the truth of Southern history, literature, art music and poetry—past and present.

Subscription Price, $1.50 a Year

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Wytheville, Virginia

F. EUGENE HAGY, MANAGER

Address all mail and make all checks payable to
"The Southern Magazine" Wytheville, Va.

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Vol. I — MARCH, 1935 — NUMBER 11

Entered as second class mail matter May 2, 1934, at the post office. Wytheville, Virginia, under the Act of March 3, 1879

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EVANGELINE OAK, ST. MARTINVILLE, LOUISIANA

The Evangeline Country

Courtesy New Orleans Association of Commerce

ABOUT 150 miles from New Orleans on the Old Spanish Trail the beautiful Evangeline Country is located. He who has a love for the reposeful, will find his aesthetic tastes appealed to in the beautiful Teche Country of Louisiana; by which term is meant all the region adjacent to the romantic Bayou Teche.

The settlers of this region are the descendants of the Acadians who were thrust from their homes in Nova Scotia; whose story is so beautifully told by Longfellow in his immortal "Evangeline". The visitor to the Teche hears the true story of Evangeline, whose real name was Emmeline Labiche. When the loyal girl sees Gabriel (Louis Arceneaux in real life), she springs forward to greet him, but Gabriel tells her that, weary with waiting he has given his promise to another. Gabriel, and his new love settled in a spot called "Beau Basin" near St. Martinville and there many of his descendants are living to this day. Evangeline lost her reason when she found herself deserted, and her ashes repose in the little graveyard at the back of the church.

The term Acadina, or familiar corruption "Cajun" is used to identify the descendants of the Nova Scotia wanderers. Those who know these people best will be quickest to explain that "there are Cajuns and Cajuns."

When you enter the front of a Cajun's house you realize that here is hospitality even Arabian. Your hostess plants on your forehead a kiss and calls you "Mon Amie". Not only are you their guest, but their friend as well.

You don't know the nectar of the gods until you drink Cajun Coffee. A "Cafe Noir" is to the Cajun what a cocktail is to the clubman, and just enough is served to tantalize you. The Cajun women are delightful cooks, and even in the humbler homes a meal is served such as any epicurian might well be proud of. A well balanced meal for them would be something on this order:

Gumbo des Crevisse (Crawfish Gumbo) Cochon de lait (suckling pig), du pain mais (corn bread), Potato Sallade (Potato Salad), Ris Jambalaya (browned rice), Fricasse Champignons (wild mushrooms and brown gravy), Kush Kush (Fried yellow hominy), Lait Cenard Farci (roast duck) and Ambrosia.

The women are also wonderful weavers. Cajun Homespun may be either cotton or wool, or a mixture of both, and has become justly famous. Cottonade, blankets, sheets, coverlids, and every article of cloth used in the household is woven with great skill by these thrifty people on the banks of the Bayou Teche.

The whole length of the Teche from St. Martinville to Morgan City is constantly shifting panorama which is intensely interesting. Here is a modern sugar mill, there a rotting old drawbridge, a trumpet flower adds its note of scarlet to brighten up a gray giant, these clinging vines, in the embrace of the ancient oaks, suggest the marriage of May and December. One of the curious features of the Teche is the growth on its banks, though they are as flat as the adjacent fields and pastures. The trees grow to the water's edge and the branches end in prim bunches of leaves around which is festooned gray Spanish moss. As you float down Teche it gradually grows wider, and the tall forests growing to the edge give the effect of a primeval wilderness. Occasionally a clearing is passed and far over the "field" the plantation house sits. From New Iberia to Morgan City the banks of the beautiful Teche are lined with residences that to this day reflect in their beauty and neglected magnificence a time when the motherland of Louisiana's aristocracy and blue-blooded sons and daughters were young.

Amongst the more famous of these country mansions are: "Albania", the plantation home originally built and owned by the Grevenburgs. Oxford, is the Pringles' place. Oaklawn, the famous old home of Judge Porter. The Fuselier place, famous as being the home of one of Louisiana's proudest families preserves much of its original beauty. Oak Bluff was owned by Edmund Rose, and is a beautiful piece of architecture. Bayside, Alice, Rosedale, Mintmere, Sunnyside, and Weeks mansion, and many others, sitting picturesquely surrounded by gray moss-draped trees, which show tropical coloring in the Virginia creeper that mingles its crimson glory with the delicate lace draperies that float in the passing breeze, are still beautiful to look upon. To name all the beautiful places along the Banks of the Teche and give their history would be impossible but it is one succession of fine estates from New Iberia to Morgan City.

The beauty of this country remains in one's mind forever as an earthly paradise of romance.

MARDI GRAS

By PERRY YOUNG

IF you were in Boston or Atlanta, or some other well-ordered town on some Tuesday morning just before Ash Wednesday, and looked out to see wild Indians, brigands, and red devils issuing from all the portals of the neighborhood—Columbines, Pierrots, May Wests, Pop-Eyes, Cleopatras, New Deals, and whatever-else-you'd-have—then you wouldn't be in Boston or Atlanta. Some evil elf, or good, would have transported you to the only place where such things are seen, and can't be missed, no matter where you open your eyes. And it would be no well ordered city. It would be New Orleans on Mardi-Gras, with every function of government and business suspended, and all the population starting out from all the neighborhoods to get together the best they can for a day of absolute disorder and human fun.

That's been going on as long as enough people have been in Louisiana to do it. Sometimes it has been done one way and sometimes another; sometimes it has been too rough, and sometimes too flat. The past doesn't have much to say about the future, in that matter of Mardi-Gras. But it's a holiday that's just starting when you look out this morning, and doesn't matter what neighborhood you are in. They're out early, everywhere, big and little, black and white. They're parading on the banquette (sidewalk) or down the middle of the street, or they're gravitating to Canal Street and its environs, to get crowded up with sight-seers, to look at each other, to dance in the streets, to help see the big parades that will come lumbering along after a while with rich men in velvets and fine silks, spangles and thousand-dollar decorated floats.

Do you think you can see all that? Not a chance. The most you can see of Mardi-Gras is just a part. It's sprouting for the day in every part of town, and the most fun may be having itself in some neighborhood that the visitor never will get to. But there's enough for the visitor's eye. She or he can go sit on the gallery of the Boston Club, if the Boston Club has asked either of them, or may find some other gallery on Canal Street, or may mill about down in the crowd that fills that widest thoroughfare from wall to wall, and for solid squares on end. Then you, if you be she or he, may see and hear more than you've ever seen or heard before—all depending, my lady, on whether or not you get into the spirit of the thing, for it is all a matter of good humor, and if you get vexed at being shoved around by good-humored roughnecks and fighting for your own place in the crush, then you won't see anything at all, and won't have any fun. (You'll find out a lot more about it if you'll get under a mask and dress up like some of the indigenees.)

Honestly, you can't see it all. But if you'll crowd through the banks of the New Basin you'll get to see the Zulu King arrive. That's the black upper-crust, and the mock dignity of His Zulu Majesty as he streams through the canal as he lands in state, and as he proceeds on his triumph through the streets of his black Kingdom on super-majestic float and followed by his train of Zulu mule-drawn cars, he and his are something which often almost steals the show from the magnificent pageants that will soon be passing through Canal Street.

But wait before we go too far with the day You must know that this massed concourse of all the people is just the last giant flicker of a great flame that has been warming them for two months past. Ever since Twelfth-Night it's been Carnival. They have been going to masked ball by the hundreds even if the twentieth century night-clubs have broken down so many of the happy old night customs. In the past sixty days, or some such number, there have been at least twenty-five, and maybe thirty high-faluting, fashionable secret societies whose only ambition is each to have a bigger ball than the other, with finer costumes, more gorgeous and astounding scenery, and the most beautiful and high-descended queen.

For those past sixty days men, who in Boston or Atlanta would have been attending to their business, have been holding secret meetings for all the preparatives of their ball—have been getting more "kick" out of that social dabbling than any other diversion, honor, or blessing of the gods could have given them anywhere else in the world or in any other avocation. They have been planning their stage-set, fitting their costumes, deciding just who-all they will let come to their ball. Other men, spurred, we may be sure, by home suggestion, have been moving all they could of heaven and earth to get invitations to those elect functions, from Twelfth-Night to Mardi-Gras. This year of 1935 has witnessed many disappointments. There never have been so many people who wanted to go and see. Some of the clubs have almost limited their invitations to the request lists of their members—usually some twenty each, and those who didn't get

a such lists just didn't see. Well, they didn't care anyway—they heard it was punk. It's been that way for a hundred years, carnival just going to the dogs year after year—never half as good as it was in the good-old days—each club slipping all the time.

But it keeps on going, and everybody with a mind to fun can go on having it under his own mask or seeing it under others'. Ladies with invitations to the balls go and look at gorgeous spectacles, and watch the cream of society stir itself around. Gentlemen with invitations go and usually don't find seats, for they can't sit if a lady's left standing, and that is one of the good old religious customs that this generation hasn't been able to shake. It's too bad Mr. Visitor if you're asked to leave the good seat you found in the balcony. It does seem like you ought to be let stay after somebody went to all that trouble getting you invited. Nevertheless, you have to get up until you're tired trying to see over other black-coats'necks and finally join the majority of your neglected sex in the smoky lobbies.

But if you're a lady with a call-out, then you are all there is to be in carnival or Mardi-Gras. Just the ladies-in-waiting and Her Majesty the Queen are there to out rank you. You can look with all kinds of scorn down on the admiring and deadly jealous rows of fine gowns that adorn the balconies. You are their show, you and the people in all the funny costumes that will be there on the stage just as soon as the curtain lifts—or, better not say "funny," for this carnival business grows awful serious at times, and those brocaded kings and princes are not to be sneezed at in the least. So often, instead of being "funny", they're all they try to be, the finest Knights, and Bishops, and Sho-Guns, and Mandarins, and Cavaliers, and Kings, and Potentates, that ever sat a throne or dared approach it. At any rate the curtain will rise on a resplendent scene and resplendent people, and these latter will preen themselves about the floor to great huzzas, and Her Majesty the Queen will be enthroned in diadem and sceptre, and jeweled stomacher, with the ladies of her court about her; The grand march will play from Aida or the Prophet; the royalties will be exhibited in state—and, no matter how you read this, please remember that Her Majesty and her court are always a more beautiful sight than you are likely ever to see in any other where. They are prettier here, and they are trained in the ambition of a throne,, and when they reach that grandeur no princess-heir-apparent was never better fitted for the role. It is a pageant of unequaled lovliness when a carnival queen of New Orleans appears.

And Miss Call-Out has been quite lost. But wait. Just as soon as Her Majesty and His Majesty are safe back on the throne her time will come. Down the aisle will pour select blackcoats with rosettes in their hurrying lapels. In front of the call-out seats they will meet those weird wax faces who wear the outlandish costumes, the two forces will whisper at each other, the band will play, and back will come the rosetted black-coats through the aisles, crying out Miss Call-Out's name—all of them, calling sweet pretty names like "Miss Mary Jones" and "Miss Paralee Dorothea Draggletail", all at once, up and down this aisle and the next, until Miss Jones and Miss Draggletail, and all the other sweet young things, and some older too if you really want to know, are found and escorted to their wax-faced partners with the fierce and inscrutable expressions and hollow eyes.

That's what the cream, and the skim-milk, the curds and whey, and even the cheeses. People have been living a season of frolic, and now you have awakened here on the morning of Mardi-Gras to find them all getting ready for one last fling at the flesh-pots, all together. And there isn't a holiday like it from Atlantic to Pacific, or from the Rio Grande to the Lakes. It's no day of rest like placid Christmas or New Year's, no day of fishing and fire crackers like the Glorious Fourth. It's a day when everybody comes to Canal Street, and those not under mask ought to be, and nobody cares or gets excited over anything but fun.

Now all these crowds of maskers may be very extraordinary or very ordinary. Take them as you find them, and make the best of it. Some years the people are inspired by inventive genius, and there is no end to the variety and ingenuity of the masqueraders, while in another year the same people will be very dull in their conceptions and uninteresting in their representations. Sometimes there are more of them, sometimes less. Always there are plenty, if they just get together. But you might do well, before Rex comes, to get about the side streets, farther from the push, where there is more room for the play of spirits. The thing you're looking for is always there—plenty of merriment in plenty of places, and lots that you will miss if you sit on the Boston Club galler'y where the Queen of Carnival is, or on some other gallery, and think that of course the whole thing is going to come and let you see it. Well, they are not caring so much about being seen as about the fun they are having for themselves and they're not having it for anybody else. Nobody promotes Mardi-Gras. It rises up of itself and for itself. When those stupendous floats come by at last, you will help yourself by remembering that all the majestic beings who man them are there because they think it's fun to wear a mask and toss trinkets to pretty girls, and act the monkey out in public just as if they

never has sat on either side of the bank-president's desk. They may be young or may be old, but they have put up their hundred dollars or more, maybe much more, every one of them, just to ride up there and wear a costume and act like ninnies. Think the president of your Clearing House, for instance, would like that kind of thing? He would, but he'll never know it.

Now you see the marching clubs come by, dozens of them, proud that they have been organized for decades and decades, all costumed the best they can, all ready for the ball that each club will give tonight. They parade, and trucks loaded with rollicking Pucinellos fill the interval, and independent maskers, and groups of all kinds, man and maid demure and staid, wild and filled with bombast, shoving, milling, making the Mardi-Gras that belongs to the people. Then motorcycles crash above the racket of the street, announcing that something big is coming up.

It's Rex. He's been coming ever since 1872, the Monarch of the multitude, his cars stupendous moving pageants, peopled by his own grotesque court, the admiration of the day, tossing royal baubles to the crowd, picturing in his big moving tableaux some story of nature or human history, bringing to his people immense glittering of forests or of ocean depths, set in flowers or roaring flames, and in colors always to glad the eye.

He lumbers on. He halts. At the Boston Club to toast his Queen, to toast the beautiful ladies of the Court, who all will sit about his throne tonight. Once he passes through the street, twice, then disappears into the unknown, and the Krewe of Druids take his place on the street, earning almost the same admiration, and these followed by lesser lights and sometimes by the whole rag-tag of miscellaneous maskers, and those who like them can keep on looking and those who have enough can go and eat, for the food-houses alone are open —that is, jammed, from the minute that Great Rex passed.

Stay on, though. The streets will thin. There will be more room, more dancing, more roly-poly sport, till you tire of looking; and then don't think it's ended; wander out into the neighborhoods, a mile, two miles, three miles, more if you wish, away from Canal Street. They are having neighborhood pageants now. They are having them in all parts of town, over across the river in Gretna and Algiers, awarding prizes, laughing, having fun all for themselves.

And finally, when evening's shades are fallen, be with the crowd again, where you can see, for the glory of the year is the glamorous passing of Comus and His Mistick Krewe. The avenue lights up with a glow that's neither of heaven nor earth, the glow of calcium lights if you want cold facts; the glow of a thousand big kerosene laterns and their reflectors, if you want more good old-fashioned truth; but the glow of Carnival's brightest light, the brilliant flame that stands for all of Mardi-Gras,, if you will look through the hearts of the people and see the mighty spirit that flickers on its giant way through eager crowds. Oh, Visitor, never will you see it—only the matchless colors, the exquisite designs, the robes that are fit for monarchs every one, lighted by the hooded torch-bearers who move on either flank. You'll see the transparencies, read that this magic float is such a legendary scene, that you perhaps can recognize just as well without the reading matter—if you are versed in the myths, the stories, the poems, the art that the ages have left for Comus to represent.

Comus the King of all the Revelers passes on and disappears, But not yet is he gone. He has chosen guests who will dance with his Mistick Krewe and he has a Queen, who shares with her dainty court the hightest social honor of the season, and there is nothing in all the year that will be half so much admired as the Queen of Comus, surrounded by the most exquisite maskers of them all, and by the most beautiful of ladies, in scenes that only the lavish love of art could bring into the world to live tonight, and with Ash Wednesday, be forever gone. Before the scene has ended, though, ere the stroke of midnight's hour, other majesty will come. His Majesty Rex, King of the Carnival will arrive in sumptuous state, accompanied by the Queen of Carnival and her ladies, and this royal meeting of the two greatest majesties of the earth tonight is such a scene as not even Alexander and Bonaparte could match with all the kings that they assembled at their feet in Erfurt. It is the last of Carnival, the most impressive of all its scenes, when these two courts commingle, and join in the final grand march of Mardi-Gras.

To add a word that might be comonplace, somebody might want to know that this thing of Carnival and Mardi-Gras, so unlike our Saxo-America, came into this region with its settlers in the days of the Grand Monarch who was so great a patron of the Carnival. Through all the trials of colonial life it lived. Even in times of stress when masks were dangerous, where the colonial rulers, especially the Spanish, had to restrain it by governmental edict, suppression never was for long. It was planted deep in the soil, and bursts forth in its season. This is the 78th year of Comus and his Krewe, and many other of the existing societies are almost as old—Momus, Protens, Twelfth Night Revelers, Atlanteans, Nerens and many more. Even Comus was modeled very much on the Creole

Continued on page 47

A Trip Through the "Vieux Carre"

(Old Square). Also Known as the French Quarter

By GENEVIEVE BENA LEVERT

IS it your first visit to New Orleans? You will find many things of interest to you—history, romance, tradition. Remember, I cannot tell you everything now, it would take you several hours, even several days to really see and enjoy everything in this quaint Old-New City.

St. Paul and Minneapolis are known as the "Twin Cities." New Orleans is a "Twin City" with the famous Canal Street as the dividing line between French Town and American Town. Canal Street, appropriately so called, was at one time an open drainage canal which was closed in 1838. New Orleans could well be called the "Walled City" as it is said there was a covered way which connected the forts surrounding the city.

The "old world" fragrance clinging to that section of New Orleans that was a French colony for more than a half century before the Declaration of Independence was written, and that was owned by French and Spain alternately for nearly one hundred years. On the opposite side of the dividing line, one experiences a modern up-to-date business city that is the metropolis of the South, with it's wonderful port (52 miles of harbor front, which ranks second in North America), its manufacturing output of $200,000,000 a year, and its banking business of nearly $3,000,000,000 a year.

For the benefit of those not familiar with New Orleans, I will endeavor to give a bit of history that you may better understand why this city is so rich with interesting places and things to see.

The Creole

Almost without fail, the first question and the first wish of those visiting us are: "What is a Creole?" And, "I would like to see a Creole." To begin a Creole is in no way connected with the negro. As applied to Louisiana, a Creole is one born in the Province of Louisiana, of French or Spanish parentage, and was used to designate the difference between those so born and those making their homes in the Province but having been born in either France or Spain.

The French settlers far outnumbered the Spanish. and the term "Creole" is today almost entirely applied to those of French blood. In Louisiana, and particularly in New Orleans, Creole stands for all that is of the highest type of French people in this section. All of the polish and courtesy which tradition clothes the nation of our state was vested in the Creole. I wish to say right here, that many writers are the cause of the mistaken idea that a Creole is a mixture of negro blood. These writers can be divided into several classes: (a) There are those story writers for magazines who decide to write a story with the scene of action in the south, or bring into their story southern characters. This writer has never been in the South, or at least, never in the southern part of Louisiana which is the home of the Creole. He has heard or read of the Creole through some source which as taken no more trouble than himself to actually find out what a Creole is, and then writes about them.

(b) There is the novel writer of this class, and then there is the writer that knows better but deliberately misrepresents a people because the reading public will buy a book so written quicker than it would buy one if the truth was given (so the writers claim). This last type is to be pitied as much as scorned for they are like unto a plague. They sweep through a country diseasing the minds with an untruth by giving a leprous character to a people that were known for their aristocracy and breeding throughout the United States.

Early History

Louisiana's history began when Robert Cavalier de La Salle on April 9, 1682, reached the Gulf of Mexico by way of the Mississippi. Iberville, the Canadian sailor, and his brother Bienville, on March 2, 1699, discovered the "Hidden River," now called Mississippi River and discovered by the Spanish explorer, Narvaez in 1528.

Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieue de Bienville, 1680 1768, founded New Orleans (1718) and was Governor of the Province of Louisiana under the French Domination from 1718 to 1743. In February, 1718, New Orleans began with 200 inhabitants, 100 huts and one store, and became the cap-

ital of the colony in 1723, and was ceded to Spain in 1762.

Don Antonio de Ulloa, arrived in New Orleans in 1767, as Spanish Governor of Louisiana, and expelled in 1768. Galvez, Miro and Carondelet, who were his successors, made Spanish rule popular. In 1792, Governor Carondelet had 80 lamps erected on the streets, the first illumination of the city streets. It was in 1794 that Jean Baptiste Leseur Fontain, a San Domingan refugee, published the first newspaper in New Orleans and the Mississippi Valley, called "Le Moniteur de la Louisiane." (In 1796, a contemporary artist made a wax bust of Leseur which is now in the Cabildo, in New Orleans). In 1795, the first granulated sugar was manufactured by Etienne de Bore at his plantation on the outskirts of New Orleans, (next to the present Audubon Park, the former home of Antoine Foucher).

Napoleon ceded Louisiana to the United States, having acquired it from Spain by the treaty of San Ildefonso in 1800. This treaty was kept a secret for several years, New Orleans learning of it on November 30, 1803, when French authority, (Laussat) was proclaimed only in order to permit the transfer of the country to the United States on December 20, 1803. This twenty days, from November 30 to December 20, was the length of time the French controlled Louisiana for the second time. The population at this time was 8,056.

On March 28, 1804, the United States took steps to organize a part of its new possessions into the Orleans Territory, and on April 30, 1812, Louisiana was admitted to the Union as a State.

The Battle of New Orleans took place January 8, 1815, Andrew Jackson (the American defender as he has since been called), defeating the British headed by General Packenham.

In 1831 the first railroad in the state was opened between New Orleans and Lake Pontchartrain.

The Capital of the State was established in New Orleans until 1829. It was shifted five times. On February 4, 1825, the General Assembly directed the Capital be removed to Donaldsonville on or before January 21, 1826, but New Orleans continued to be the seat of government until May 1, 1829. From 1831 until March 9, 1846, New Orleans was again the Capital. On that date it was transferred to Baton Rouge. In 1845, the State Legislature had passed an act authorizing the removal and provided that "on and after January 1, 1849, the State Capital should be located at Baton Rouge." It remained there until 1862, when Federal troops occupying New Orleans, Governor Moore moved it from Baton Rouge to Opelousas. In January, 1864, Governor Henry Watkins Allen transferred the executive offices of the Confederate State Government to Shreveport, New Orleans being the seat of the Federal States Military Government. Article 130 of the State Constitution of 1864 declared that "the seat of Government shall be and remain at New Orleans, and shall not be removed without the consent of a majority of both houses of the General Assembly." October 1, 1864 the Capital was fully established in that city and continued for seventeen years or more. Article 150 provided for the next change and the last session of the General Assembly held in New Orleans convened on December 5, 1881, and adjourned on the fourth of the following January. The administrative branch of the state government was definitely fixed at Baton Rouge on March 1, 1882, and the General Assembly convened there on May 8 of that year, since which date the government has remained in Baton Rouge.

Old Quarters

Now, let us start our trip through the "Old Quarter." As we cross Canal Street, notice the "light posts" with the shields and dates of the four countries that governed New Orleans: French Domination, 1718-1769; Spanish Domination, 1769-1803; American Domination, 1803-1861—1865 to date Confederate Domination 1861-1865.

The boundaries of the "Old City" as originally planned, built and fortified, were as follows: Canal Street; Rampart Street, (so called because of the fact that the fortifications extending from Canal Street to Esplanade Avenue were on it); Esplanade Avenue; and the Mississippi River. The five forts which protected the city were: Fort St. Louis, Canal Street and the River; the U. S. Customhouse now occupies this site; Fort Burgundy, Canal and Rampart Streets; Fort St. Ferdinand, Rampart Street on the site that was formally known as "Congo Square" and now called Beauregard Square; Fort St. John, Esplanade and Rampart Streets; Fort St. Charles, Esplanade and the River the site now occupied by what was formally the U. S. Mint which is the oldest Mint Building in the country. The moat on Rampart Street was filled in about 1808 and a neutral ground had trees planted on either side of it as far as Esplanade Avenue. The last of the old ramparts disappeared about 1820.

Because New Orleans is built in the bend of the river, the streets run like the spokes of a wheel. this bend is in the form of a "crescent" and is the reason for New Orleans being termed the "Crescent City." Due to the angles in which the streets run, it is impossible to give the points of the compass in designating directions, except North and South. This can only be understood by studying a map of the city. Directions are designated as "uptown"

and "downtown" "south and north, respectively). Local terms meaning the course of the river. In place of east and west, the terms "river" (front of town), "Lake" (back of town, or woods), are in common usage they being opposite sides of the city. In crossing Canal Street, the majority of streets change their names.

We are now standing on the corner of Bourdon and Canal Streets. On the lower river corner stood Christ Church, first Protestant Episcopal Church in Louisiana and the Mississippi valley. One block towards the lake on the lower corner of Canal and Dauphine Streets stood the second Christ Church. Dismantled about 1882, and built on the present site of St. Charles Avenue corner of Sixth Street. The six columns from the second church were purchased by the Jewish people for their Synagogue on Carondelet Street. Later this Synagogue was purchased by the Knights of Columbus and is their present home.

On the "downtown" side of Canal Street, between Dauphine and Bourdon Streets, stands D. H. Holmes, present store. A directory of 1838 lists Holmes as in New Orleans then. The first store was somewhere on Magazine Street, but Dan Holmes did not consider that the D. H. Holmes Company was founded until April 2, 1842, the date on which he moved to No. 22 Chartres Street, (old numbering), moving to Canal Street in 1846. The store originally stayed open only six months in the year, and it was not until 1846 that he remained open the entire twelve months. He was the first to employ women as clerks, instituting this policy in 1861, when so many families were destitute and women had to earn a livlihood, the men of the family being either in the army or having been killed in the fighting. The store has entrances on all four sides of the square.

On the "uptown" side of Canal Street, between Dauphine and Bourbon Streets, No. 824 is the Boston Club, the oldest social club in New Orleans. It was the former home of Dr. W. N. Mercer. Organized in 1841 for playing the game of cards known as "Boston" and said to have been originated by the organizers of the club. It was frequented by Jefferson Davis when in the city. During General Butler's occupancy of New Orleans, the club was closed and reorganized in 1867. With the moving of the Pickwick club from Canal Street, October 1, 1934, the Boston Club is the only one of the old clubs left on that street. It is on the balcony, built for the occasion, that the Queen of Momus and her Maids are seated to view the parade of Momus on Tuesday night. Also, where the Queen of the Carnival and her Maids view Rex Parade on Tuesday, Mardi Gras, during the day, as well as for Comus Parade of that night. Now that the Pickwick Club is no longer on Canal Street to entertain Proteus Queen and her Maids on Monday night, it is said that she will be seated on the balcony of the Boston Club. Can you imagine a more glamorous sight than is expected for this 1935 Mardi Gras night when the Queen of the Carnival (Rex) and her Maids will share the honors with the Queen of Comus and her Maids? Almost as brilliant a meeting as will take place at midnight at the Comus Ball to be given at the Municipal Auditorium.

We are now at the corner of Royal and Canal Streets, formally known as "Rue Royal." It was the first street in the city to be paved. Ships coming to the New World using stone blocks from Belgium, as ballast, sold them to the city government, and returned to the continent with our products. The cost laid was less than $1.00 for each block.

The restaurant at 1121 Royal Street has the following inscription framed and hung on their wall:

> Here was the office of Dr. Antommarchi
> Maker of the Death Mask, and last physician
> to Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena."

At 127 Royal Street is the home of the old Gem Restaurant, so called because the owner, George E. Miller signed receipts with the initals G. E. M., and gradually his restaurant became known as the Gem. It is said to be the scene of the first Carnival plans; where the first noon-day meal was served, for in olden days all places of business were closed from noon until nearly 3 o'clock p. m. proprietors and clerks alike going home for their midday meal and "siesta." It is also where the Legislature met when the state government was being wrested from the "Carpet-Bag Rule." Here, the Speaker of the House of Representatives Carter bolted from the Legislature and tried to organize an independent branch. The meeting was dispersed by the police, assisted by the United States troops. It is also credited with being the home of the "oyster loaf" which is an "overgrown sandwich," being made from a whole loaf of pan bread being split and toasted and buttered, and a dozen fried oysters being placed between the halves, together with three or four slices of Dill pickle and olives. This oyster loaf came to be known as "the pacifier," as a man going home late at night would take one with him as a peace offering.

At 126 Royal Street, in 1835, was the U. S. Post Office on the ground floor, with the U. S. Court rooms above, where Walker, the celebrated filibusterer, was tried and acquitted in 1857. Here also was the Merchants' Exchange which was established in 1866.

At 140 Royal Street, corner Iberville Street, the latter formerly called Customhouse Street, on the "uptown" river corner, is the building that was the old Union Bank erected about 1836, and later used as the Citizens Bank. This building is of granite, and had imposing Ionic Columns erected by Messrs. De Pouilly at a cost of $140,000.

At 201 Royal Street,, corner of Iberville Street, where the Solari Store is today, was a Spanish Grant to the Baron Jean Rodolpho de Brounner, born in Switzerland in 1700. He came to Louisiana in the service of Carlos III and under Governor Bernardo di Galvez. One of his sons had Governor Galvez as his god-father. A grandson, Senator George Augustus Waggaman, lived here until his death which was the result of an "Affaire d'honeur," with Denis Prieur in 1843; the affair taking place under the 'Duelling Oaks" in City Park. Jean Arnoult, (whose daughter married Senator Waggaman), was appointed Regidor Perpetual du Cabildo, after his arrival in Louisiana from France. (A second great-grandson of the Senator, Charles Spinola Waggaman, married my mother's youngest sister—Courtesy of family).

At 239 Royal Street is the Conservation Display Room. If interested, one may see here mounted birds of many types to be found in Louisiana, both local and visiting; also, many mounted fur-bearing animals of the state; there is also the display of fish as well as mineral and other resources of the state. The animal fur crop of Louisiana is worth over $6,000,000 to the trappers of the state and we are justly proud of the position of Louisiana as the chief fur producing territory in North America. The Conservation Commission has its office in the Civil Court Building on Royal Street. Continuing on Bienville Street to Bourbon Street on the "uptown" river corner, 234-40 Bourbon, is the historic old Absinthe House. Built about 1752, and established as the Absinthe House about 1826. It became the meeting place of the "bon vivants." It is said that Jean Lafitte, the famous Barateria pirate, was a frequent visitor at this building, and purported to be the building where Andrew Jackson planned the Battle of New Orleans with the assistance of Jean Lafitte.

On block below the Old Absinthe House on the "downtown" river corner of Bourbon and Conti Streets, is the Old Absinthe House Bar. This place has the old bar and a clock, more than 100 years old, together with other fixtures and relics that had been in the Absinthe House. Among these relics are several registers containing the signatures of many of their visitors which include the names of men famous in the history of the world. Another of their possessions is the sign that hung in front of the old Absinthe House and is said to have been the first illuminated sign in the city.

On the downtown lake side of Rampart and Conti Streets, three blocks from the Absinthe House Bar, is the Church of Saint Anthony of Padua. It is next in age to the Cathedral in New Orleans. Until 1819 all funerals of Catholics took place from the Cathedral. The City Council, fearing the spreading of disease, suggested the construction of a "Mortuary Chapel", as found in some Spanish cities. The Council ceded the ground to the Cathedral for the nominal price of $425.00, with the understanding that the church would construct the chapel. It was completed on October 27, 1827, and cost $17,000.00. The Council then passed an ordinance forbidding further funerals from the Cathedral, under a penalty of $50.00 fine.. Used as such until 1870 and then converted into a parish church. Due to the fact that it was originally built for funeral purposes, it became known as "The Dead Church".

Back of the dead church will be found the St. Louis Cemetery number 1 which is one of the oldest and most famous burying grounds in the country. Here will be found many prominent names and old dates.

Royal and Conti being the former banking center of the Vieux Carre, I would like to say that under the French and Spanish rule Louisiana had no banks. Finances were controlled by foreign banks or other foreign agencies, and the finances were unstable and often dishonest.

334 Royal on the uptown river corner of Conti is the old bank of Louisiana erected somewhere between 1812 and 1826 at a cost of $80,000.00. There seems to be some confusion as to the exact date as several conflicting dates have been given by different persons. This was also a State Bank and the largest started up to that time, having been chartered with capital of $4,000,000.00. This building was later used as a concert hall, criminal court, Hall of Mortgages, Juvenile Court, and is now the home of the American Legion.

343 Royal, on the uptown lake corner, recent research tells us was the Louisiana Planters' Bank erected in 1811. After the War Between the States it was for many years a rooming house. About 1878, Waldhorn established his antique store here, at first occupying only the ground floor; at present he occupies the entire building. Here is to be found a collection of Georgian Silver and Sheffield to delight the collector; furniture and numerous other antiques as well. Eugene Field wrote a charming poem about this store.

At 403 Royal Street the building is commonly refered to as the "Dome". It was the home of the Bank of United States of 1805 and the Louisiana State Bank in 1815. It was for a time the town

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1—Rene Beauregard House—Chalnerte, Louisiana.

2—W. W. Hall House—New Iberia, Louisiana, (View from garden—South Elevation—Historic American Buildings Survey in Louisiana—Richard Koch, Photographer—April, 1934.

3—Old Brulatour Court—Now Reed Gallery.

4—Jackson Statue—New Orleans—Courtesy, Standard Photo Supply Co. of N. C.

5—St. Louis Cathedral.

6—Heart of Old New Orleans.

7—Napoleon House—New Orleans—Courtesy Standard Photo Supply Co. of N. C.

home of Etienne de Bore, the first person to granulate sugar in Louisiana. This is a splendid type of Colonial Architecture.

At 417 Royal we see the building which was once occupied by the Louisiana Bank established in 1804 through the influence of Thomas Jefferson. This was the first Bank in New Orleans. On the front of the building is a bronze tablet with the following inscription: "Banque de la Louisiane. First Bank erected in Mississippi Valley 1805. Later home of Paul Charles Morphy, world's greatest Chess Expert—1837-1884". Inside is another bronze tablet, on the door leading to the old tunnel and vault, which reads: "Old Vaults of the Bank de la Louisiane. Entrance to Tunnel where Gold of the City was Hidden During the Battle of New Orleans. Also, Where Gold Was Protected Against the Raids of Pirates and Bandits in the Time of the Notorious Jean and Pierre Lafitte". This building was rehabilitated through the generosity of the late Mr. W. R. Irby, Redeemer of the French Quarter, and is now known as the Patio Royale, and has a charming court yard open to the public.

No. 416 Royal is the New Civil Court House erected in 1910 at a cost of $1,500,000.00. The Supreme Court of Louisiana; the Civil district Court and numerous other civic and state offices are housed here. In front of the building is the bronze statue to the late Edward Douglas White, a Louisianian, who was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

On Royal and St. Louis Street, the down town river corner, is the site of the famous St. Louis Hotel, or Hotel Royale, as it was also known, having an entrance on both streets. It was originally known as the City Exchange and was built in 1835. The first hotel was opened in 1838. Two years later destroyed by fire, rebuilt in 1851; State House from 1874 to 1882, where the returning board "met in 1876 and compiled returns through which Hayes was made President of the United States." Pictures in the dome were by the celebrated artist, Canova, and it was said to be the largest unbroken dome in the United States. A $20,000.00 banquet was given in honor of Henry Clay in 1843. In the rotunda was the old auction mart where slaves often were sold at public auction, sometimes bringing as much as $5,000.00 a piece.

On the down-town lake side of St. Louis Street, No. 713, is Antoin's. One hears of Antoin's before they hear anything else when New Orleans is mentioned. The creator of Rockfeller Oysters; Bisque d'Ecrivisses a la Cardinal, made from the Louisiana crayfish; Pompano en Papillotte, one of our finest fish cooked with a delicious sauce and served in the paper bag in which it is cooked; Pomes Soufflees those delicious puffed potatoes —but one could go on forever. People from all corners of the globe have bowed to the wonders of the "House of Antoine", where one comes to eat and enjoy a meal and is satisfied with the world when one leaves. Nearly 100 years of fame. Do you wonder that the world has continued to patronize love and revere the "House of Antoine"?

Old Homes

At 820 St. Louis Street the earliest known owner of the land was Miss Louise Lioteau. The home was built by Mr. George W. Morgan. Mr. Felix Grima purchased it Feb. 10, 1844 and the Grima family remained there until 1921 then was sold to the last and present owners, the Christian Women's Exchange. Built by a Boston architect, the home is considered one of the best examples of the New England Colonial type.

On St. Louis and Chartres Streets on the down-town river corner, we see "The Napoleon House". I quote from "The Architecture of Old and New Orleans", by Allison Owen given before the Blue Triangle League of the Young Womens' Christian Association of New Orleans: "There is one house I feel I should not fail to mention and that is the so-called Napoleon House, the home of Governor Girod. I have always felt doubtful about the story because I failed to understand the arrangement of the plan and I could not conceive that the house was suitable for the Governor much less the Emperor, until I happened to stumble through the adjoining porte-cochere on St. Louis Street into the court yard and the problem was at once solved. That very french porte-cochere was the main entrance, with the garconier above, and the house opened into the court which has since been divided by a crude brick wall. The house, considered in connection with this St. Louis Street wing, is a very sumptuous and imposing arrangement, quite appropriate to house its prospective, distinguished guest." By courtesy of N. O. Ass. Commerce,. I give here part of the story not generally known, of the plans to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena: A Captain Bossier, retired sea Captain with his love of adventure planned to carry out the scheme of rescuing Napoleon from St. Helena and bringing him to New Orleans. The Seraphine, his vessel, was built for the specific purpose and she was to be the fastest vessel in the world. French residents were eagerly interested, among whom was Nicholas Girod, Mayor of New Orleans for several terms. A very patriotic old gentleman and a sincere admirer of Napoleon, he erected what was at that time said to be the finest building in New Orleans, which he was to give to the Emperor when he arrived in the city. Bossier with a picked crew

of sailors and fighters, was provided with maps of the plan of the Island of St. Helena and the stations of the various ships guarding it. But—three days before the proposed trip, news reached New Orleans of Napoleon's death on May 5, 1821. The Napoleonist were disconsolate.

On the lake side of Royal Street we come to a gateway flanked on either side by old cannons deeply imbedded in the ground. This gateway leads to a courtyard in the rear of Antoin's Restaurant; it was the courtyard of the building No. 519 Royal on the lower side of the gateway, which building was erected in 1784 by the Spanish Governor Esteban Miro as the Spanish Commanderia, the headquarters of the Spanish Mounted Police.

At 529 Royal Street is Governor Miro's home Built in 1785 by the Spanish grandee and Governor it was the scene of brilliant gayety in Colonial days, when Miro and his wife, the beautiful Eleanora MacCarthy, held court. The contractor was Giulberto Guillemarde, (builder of the St. Louis Cathedral and Cabildo), who planned its unique patio elaborate transoms and beautiful marble mantles. The house is almost intact and is gradually being restored by its present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Hove. The entrance to their charming little perfume shop has in no way spoilt the charm of this lovely old home. They have kindly opened their doors to the stranger, allowing the privilege of going upstairs and seeing the beauties of an old Spanish home.

No. 520 Royal is what is known as the Erulatur home, later becoming a rooming house, afterwards the home of the Arts and Crafts Club and now occupied by the Reed Galleries. This is another of the fine old homes fully restored to its former glory by the late Mr. Irby. It has a particularly beautiful courtyard.

Famous Opera Houses and Famous Actors

No. 708 Toulouse Street, on the uptown side a few doors from Royal Street is the "gate of the Lions". It is here that Robert Edeson, the actor of note, was born.

At the corner of Toulouse and Bourbon Streets is the site of the famous French Opera House. Built in 1860 by Gallier and destroyed by fire in 1918. It was an immense structure of three stories and seated about 2,800 people. In 1859 Boudousquie being unable to renew his lease on the Orleans Theatre, formed a stock company which erected the Opera House. The "Foyer" was capable of accomodating 1,000 persons on the second floor. It was here that the larger Carnival Organizations gave their balls, it was a sight hardly to be equalled.

No. 613 Royal Street is the "Court of the Two Sisters," a famous town house, spacious and beautiful, the home at one time of Madame Angot and her two beautiful daughters, which, so the story goes, she guarded so jealously that both of them died maiden ladies.

No. 627 was the former residence and courtyard of the golden voiced singer, Adelina Patti, of Italian parentage, she was born in Madrid on February 19, 1843. She and her sister Carlotto, later a prima dona in her own right came to New Orleans to visit their brother, Carlo Patti who was conductor of the Opera House orchestra for the winter, 1860-61. The director of the opera company Boudousquie was desperate when Madame Borchard broke her leg and Madam Faure fell sick. He secured Adelina Patti's services for three months; only seventeen years old when she made her bow to New Orleans opera audiences, she had the city at her feet and soon the whole world followed.

On the uptown lake side, No. 716 St. Peter Street was the old Tabarry Theatre from 1791 to 1807. Said by some to be the first theatre in the city. The first theatrical engagement in New Orleans was by French Comedians under Louis Tabarry in 1791. First place in America where Grand Opera was sung. Now a charming residence and courtyard.

Famous Squares

From St. Peter and Royal Streets, four squares toward the lake, is old "Congo Square", now called Beauregard Square. When the old "Place d'Armes" was changed to Jackson Square in 1851, a resolution of the Council of Municipality No. 1 was passed naming this square "Place d'Armes". This is the site of Fort St. Ferdinand, one of the fortifications of the city. It was in "Congo Square" that wild orgies were held by the negroes, led by Marie Laveau, the "Voo-Doo Queen", a mulattress. Among her subjects were the slaves, Indians and half-breeds. Of a Sunday evening the masters allowed their negro slaves to use the grounds for their dances and festivals. A cannon was in the center of the square and promptly at nine o'clock was fired, at which time all slaves had to be home. A slave was arrested and locked up if found on the streets after this hour without a pass from his master. This curfew gun was fired until 1862, when General Butler abolished the custom.

Just back of Beauregard Square was the old Parish Prison, on which site the magnificent Municipal Auditorium of today was erected at a cost of $2,500,000.00 with a seating capacity of 12,000.

First Sky-Scraper

At Royal and St. Peter Streets, on the uptown river corner is the old LeMonnier Home, built in 1774 by Dr. J. L. Monnier, who was General And-

1—Steamboating on the Mississippi.
2—Home of Judah P. Benjamin—"Bellechasse'
3—Mardi Gras.
4—"Old Absinthe House".
5—Madame John's Legacy.

rew Jackson's Chirugien-Major of the Orleans Battallion,, serving him at the Battle of New Orleans. It was originally built as a three story home, the second floor being used as an office and operating room, the queer construction having been given to it to obtain as much light as possible, with the third floor used as a residence. About 1814 when the fourth floor was added, the neighbors fled in terror, feeling sure that it would topple over. This was the first "Sky-Scraper" in New Orleans.

On the lower river corner of Royal and St. Peter Streets is found one of the finest examples of iron grill work in the city. The design is of oak leaves and acorns.

New Orleans Wares

On the ground floor of this building can be seen the famous wares, including rugs, bed spreads, etc. woven by a descendant of Evangeline, made famous by Longfellow. Here we see an old hand loom over 150 years old and still in use; there is also to be seen the Nanking cotton, brown in color and which is used extensively by the Acadian.

At No. 631 St. Peter Street we find the Blue Arrow Jam hop, where all sorts of jams, marmalades, preserves etc. are sold; made in the shop of nothing but Southern fruits, principally those from Louisiana. At lunch time one can obtain such famous Louisiana dishes as Gumbo, Jambalaya, (made from old Choctaw Indian recipe), Grillards, Kush-Kush, etc. These are famous creole dishes served in very few places, outside of private homes.

A few doors further on we see an old time, colored "Mammy", seated in her chair on the "banquette", in front of the shop selling "pralines", a delicious sugar and pecan confection for which Louisiana is noted.

Across the street No. 622 St. Peter Street is the studio of the well known artist G. F. Castleden. In here is to be seen lovely pictures, of scenes in and around New Orleans, in oils, water-colors, and pen and ink sketches; also charming post cards that make you want to buy them all.

Next is 620 St. Peter, "Le Petit Salon", a fashionable club for ladies. This building is a fine example of the early architecture.

Little Theatre

616 St. Peter St. is the home of "Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carre", generally referred to as the "Little Theatre". The inception of "The Little Theatre" was the outgrowth of the "Drawing-Room Players". Starting in March, 1916, they began giving plays in private drawing rooms until 1919 when the "Little Theatre" was organized with a membership of 500. Their first official home was in the lower Pontalba Building, and in 1922 the present location on St. Peter Street was purchased. The corner building was of two story construction which had been the residence of the seventh and last Spanish Governor of Louisiana, Don Manuel Gayso de Lemos, in 1797. He is the one who personally supervised the designing and planting of the charming little patio to please his beautiful young wife when she came to New Orleans. About the middle of the 19th century it became quite an exclusive bar called "Le Veau Qui Tete" (the suckling calf), this bar room eventually became a rough dive and fell into decay. In 1922 the "Little Theatre purchased the property. It has gained distinction by producing plays in French.

On the lower side of St. Peter Street, to the rear of the Cabildo, we have the Jackson House. It was there Andrew Jackson was honored in 1815, after the Battle of New Orleans. Now the headquarters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Chapter "Spirit of '76" and also used by the Daughters of 1812.

Immediately next is the site of the old Spanish Arsenal, which was built in 1770. The present building was erected in 1838 for the Louisiana Legion, an aristocratic military organization. It was the State Arsenal until 1914 when it was transfered to the Cabildo. Admittance is gained through the main entrance of the Cabildo.

On St. Peter and Chartres Streets we see the old "Place d'Armes", now called Jackson Square. In 1720 Bienville the founder of New Orleans laid out the square. Scene of historical and civic events for nearly 200 years. Some of these were: arrival of the "Cassette" girls in 1727; Official transfers of Louisiana; welcome of Jackson after his victory at Chalmette; etc. The statue of Andrew Jackson is by Clark Mills costing over $30,000.00 and one of the finest equestrian statues in the country. Said to be, to be cast in a rearing attitude, without support. In 1856 the Baroness Pontalba planted the square with flowers according to French style. During the "War Between the States", General Ben. Butler caused to be carved on the Pedestal of Jackson's Statue, "The Union Must and Shall Be Preserved".

On the Uptown and downtown sides of Jackson Square are the red brick buildings known as the Pontalba Buildings, said to be the first apartment houses in America. Erected in 1849 by the Baroness Pontalba who lived in the center apartment on the uptown side and it was here that she entertained Jenny Lind, the famous singer, brought to New Orleans by P. T. Barnum. It was at the Baroness' home where Thackery had his first taste of "Bouillebaise" mentioned so favorably by him in his memoirs.

Other Interesting Buildings

We are now in front of the Museum or Cabildo as it is generally called. "The Cabildo was the first building erected for administration purposes in the Province of Louisiana, under the Spanish Regime. The word has come to stand for the name of the building where the assemblies were held, also designates the form of Colonial Government, particularly as regards the City Administration. The Cabildo was both a high court and legislative council at which the Governor presided. Besides the Governor it was composed of six perpetual Regidors, and two ordinary Alcaldes, and attorney general or syndic and a clerk. Cuba was governed by a Captain General and Louisiana was under the jurisdiction of Cuba and was governed by a "Cabildo". This building was also known as "Casa Capitular" during the Spanish Domination. (Courtesy of Mr. Robert Glenk)

Governor Alessandro O'Reilly, second Spanish Governor of Louisiana, 1769-1770, gave permission to erect the Cabildo which was built and accepted on August 17, 1770. Destroyed by fire, March 21, 1788 when 856 other buildings were also burnt. Rebuilt and completed in 1795, in the Spanish style of architecture. As originally built it was a two story brick structure, stuccoed, with a flat tile roof and with plaster ornaments spaced regularly to relieve the flatness. The foundation rests on a layer of blue Sharkey clay and is at present 5 and one-half feet under the surface. The bricks used in the construction of the building are said to be made right out side of the levee on the river front from clay on the spot. As originally built the Arms of Spain occupied the space now taken up by the eagle and cannon balls. The iron gate at the entrance was erected by the Spanish, originally having their Coat of Arms at the top. When it became the property of the United States the Spanish arms were removed and the thirteen stars with the thirteen iron bars, representing the stripes of the flag, were put in its place, representing as near as possible the "Stars and Bars". The arcade on the second floor was an open gallery but was encased in glass sometime before 1812; the mansard roof was added and the tower built by Pilie about 1850. Some of the most important events connected with the Cabildo history are: First session of Cabildo, 1715, under Governor Carondelet. Met every Friday; 1798, visit of Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans; 1803, proclamation giving terms of transfer of Louisiana from Spain to France, Nov. 30, 1803; Dec. 20, 1803, Laussat proclamation transferring Louisiana to the United States, ceremonies took place in the large hall or "Transfer Room", second floor; 1804, visit of Aaron Burr (Burr's conspiracy first reported to President of the United States by Col. George Morgan 3rd Great-grandfather of writer;) 1811, legislatures act for admission of Louisiana as a a State and to form a Constitution; 1812, State Constitution signed and adopted; 1825, visit of General Lafayette. The Cabildo turned into a home for Lafayette during his stay in New Orleans. (The H. Gibbes Morgan, Jr. collection in the Cabildo has on display a commission sent by Gov. Isaac H. Johnson to Col. Philip Hicky to receive General Lafayette on his visit to Louisiana. Col. Hisky is the 2nd great-grandfather of the writer of ths article.); 1834, presentation of the death mask of Napoleon; etc. After Independence Hall in Philadelphia, the Cabildo is the most important building in the United States, as the actual signing of the "Transfer of Louisiana" took place in this building, the largest real estate deal in the world from which 17 states have been carved. The United States paid France $15,000,000.00 or about 3 cents an acre. Here also is our "Hall of Fame" and many other things of interest.

St. Louis Cathedral

Between the Cabildo and the St. Louis Cathedral is "Pirates Alley"

We now enter the famous St. Louis Cathedral. Tradition has it that Bienville himself designated a spot for the erection of a church and it is the one which is the site for the present Cathedral. The first place of worship on record was a small warehouse which was being used in 1721. In April, 1728, the first St. Louis Parish Church was dedicated. In 1751 galleries were added to give more space to the worshippers. Destroyed by fire in 1788. New Church completed in 1794. In 1795 first Bishop appointed and church named St. Louis Cathedral. It has many of the original paintings in it. In 1821 a memorial Mass was held in honor of Napoleon, and a layman addressed the gathering, the only instance of its kind on record. For many years the tower of the church was used as a lookout for fires. All Bishops and Arch-Bishops of this diocese are buried in the Cathedral crypt. The organ dates back to the Spanish Dominition.

St. Anthony's Garden in the rear of the church was a famous duelling ground.

On the lower side of the Catherdal is the Presbytere that afterwards became the Civil District Court and is now the Museum of Natural History.

First Theatre

Back of the Cathedral is Orleans Street and on the downtown side, No. 717, is the site of the first "Theatre d'Orleans", built 1811. It was here that the first opera performance in America was given.

Scene of the famous "quadroon" balls. Now the home of the "Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Family", an order of negro nuns. The ballroom was said to be the finest dance floor in the world, the floor being three feet thick.

Madam John's Legacy

On the uptown side of Dumaine Street at 632 we see Madam John's Legacy. It is a charming old French home built during the first quarter of the 18th century.

No. 721 St. Philip Street, just off of Royal is the site of the St. Philip, Theatre, built in 1808. Disputed as to whether first or second theatre, in New Orleans. It seated 700 people.

No. 1140 Royal Street corner of Governor Nicholls is a home that is commonly called "The Haunted House".

The Haunted House

Jean and Henri de Remarie of France came to New Orleans in 1770 and were given a grant of land in the best part of the city, near the Ursuline Convent. About 1780 they started building a mansion which was never completed and in 1790 sold it to Bartholmey MacCarthy, the third bearing the name. He married the widow Lecomte, a leader in society and noted for her great beauty. They had one daughter Delphine. This daughter married three times, first Don Ramon Lopez y Angullo de la Candelaria and had one child, a daughter called "Borquite". Her husband died while they were returning to Louisiana from France and for her second husband married M. Le Blanque, of this marriage she had four children, one son named Paulin and three daughters named Jeanne, Louise and Pauline. M. Le Blanque died and she married for a third time a Dr. Louis Lalaurie. From this marriage she had no children. Dr. Lalaurie spent most of his time in France and Mme. Lalaurie remained in Louisiana and was noted for her lavish entertainments. She spent her time between her town house and her mother's plantation below the city. Her Mother, Mme. MacCarthy incurred the dislike of her town's people by engaging a professor to educate her slaves. The professor was run out of the country and the school house torn down by the people of the community. This is said to have been the first school for negroes in America. In an uprising of the slaves Mme. MacCarthy, who had tried to help them was one of thirteen white people murdered. Retribution was swift and while the murderers of Mme. MacCarthy were never caught there were 26 slaves hanged on gibbets along the water front, two for every white person killed. Upon the death of her mother Mme. Lalaurie closed her mansion and after spending a short time with friends, went to France to live. The house was put up for sale and for many years was vacant. For a time it was the headquarters of counterfeiters and the rendezvous of thugs and it is said they gave impetus to the rumor that it was haunted in the hopes of keeping people from it. Rented to various people, Mr. Warrington, a relative of the original owners, bought it in and has done what he could to restore it. At one time the house was a show place of the city, and when looking at it today, one can well see that it came by its fame justly. Mr. Warrington has given his life to uplift work and no one worthy of help has ever been turned from his door. His work is carried on solely by private contribution.

(The above through courtesy of Mr. Warrington.)

1114 Chartres Street is the old Ursuline Convent, begun in 1727 and completed and occupied in 1734. The Ursulines moved from here in 1826 to their home on the river front below the city and from there to their present home on State Street. Used by the State Legislature until 1834, when the nuns presented it to the newly advanced Archbishopric, used until 1899, and is now the presbytery of St. Marie's Italian Church. Said to be the oldest building in the Mississippi Valley.

1126 Chartres Street is the Church of St. Mary. A chapel built about 1780 and the present church errected in 1840.

On the opposite side of the street No. 1113 is a place known as the Beauregard Home. Birth place of Paul Morphy, one time the home of General P. G. T. Beauregard. Occupied by a wine merchant who fought a battle here in September, 1909 with a gang of Mafuisi, resulting in the killing of four and the wounding of several. Now owned and used by Mr. Warrington. It is a handsome old home with a beautiful courtyard.

French Market

Leaving Chartres Street we walk around the corner to the French Market on Decator St. This spot was the first used by the Indians and built upon by the Spaniards in 1791, the first of its kind in New Orleans. Destroyed by a hurrican in 1812 and immediate replacement began. In 1813 a meat market was constructed at a cost of $30,000.00. Erected during the administrations of James Mather, fourth mayor of New Orleans (the 2nd great uncle of the writer) and Nicholar Girod, 5th mayor, Vegetable Market started in 1822 and completed in 1830 at a total cost of $25.000.00. The architecture is more near Roman Doric, the material used being bricks and having a wooden roof formerly covered with tiles but later replaced with slate.

The "Bazaar" was built about 1872. It has be-

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1—Iron gate entrance—Royal Street.
2—Cabildo Door—Handwork of Slaves.
3—Cabildo Courtyard—Old Quarter.
4—Pontalla Buildings.
5—Arts and Craft Club Patio—Royal Street.
6—Through a Frame of Grill.
7—Little Theatre Courtyard.
8—Court of Two Sisters—Royal Street.

Walt Whitman in New Orleans

By JOHN S. KENDALL

THE fact that Walt Whitman spent some months in New Orleans in 1848 is familiar to all who have read the biography of the "good gray poet." Unfortunately, we know little about this incident except the bare fact. Whitman arrived in the Southern Capital about the end of February and left in the closing days of the following May. He brought a younger brother with him, and his reason for returning to the North was that the climate of New Orleans did not agree with the lad. Brief though it was, this stay in the South seems to have had a profound effect upon Whitman. He came to the city a second or third rate newspaper hack; he left it equipped to do work for which the world honors his name. What happened we can only guess; perhaps the experience of residence in what, from the point of view of a raw, unformed New York reporter, a foreign metropolis, wrought in his mind the miracle which that sort of thing not infrequently accomplishes; or perhaps an obscure emotional crisis through which he passed in New Orleans, regarding which we know merely that a son was subsequently born to him, had the effect of ripening and developing his poetical talent.

Whitman came to New Orleans to take a position on the staff of the "Crescent," a daily newspaper which had just been established there. His work on the "Crescent" was of the most varied description, and brought him into contact with all sorts and conditions of people. Without doubt, this, too, had something to do with forming his character, as all our experiences have; but the affair which effected him so vitally apparently originated elsewhere, through contacts of a purely personal nature, in which his journalistic occupations played no part.

It must not be supposed that Whitman's articles in the "Crescent," though awkwardly written and dealing for the most part with subjects which have long ago lost their significance, were wholly devoid of merit. He had a shrewd eye for human frailty, and as he made his way about the city, he registered what he saw upon a retentive and reflective brain. The result was a series of special articles which probably attracted many readers among the patrons of the paper. In addition, he seems to have done a good deal of reportorial work, but as this was anonymous, it cannot be identified nowadays with any certainty. His descriptions of New Orleans life were sometimes signed in full, and sometimes with his initials; moreover, his peculiar, lumbering, halting, inexpert but curiously vivid prose style cannot well be mistaken. They have value for the poet's biographer, as these compositions reflect the impression which the teeming city made upon him.

New Orleans, at the time when Walt Whitman lived there, was a city of about 75,000 people. A Census taken eight years before gave it a population of something over 100,000; but just before the poet's arrival, the state authorities had made an effort to verify this figure, with the somewhat disconcerting result of finding it largely in excess of the fact. Nevertheless, the importance of the city was far greater than the mere number of its inhabitants would seem to justify. At that time the transcontinental railroads had not been built which were to strip New Orleans of its commercial pre-eminence; nor the War Between the States wrecked the marvelous prosperity of a city where fortunes were proverbially easy to make.

New Orleans was then the *entrepot* for the trade of the whole Mississippi Valley. The steamboats lay three and four deep along the levee at the foot of Canal street, waiting to be loaded with freight and passengers bound for the remotest parts of that vast region. One curious item alone can be cited here to illustrate the monopoly which New Orleans then enjoyed of the business of the Valley: there was a stationery firm in the city which used to import every year a ship's load of blue-back spelling books—for wherever in the whole immense Mississippi Valley there was a school house and a pupil, there was need of the blue-back spelling book—Webster's I think it was; and then McGuffy's—and nowhere could one procure that useful volume save from New Orleans. And so every year the tall-masted vessel came in from New York with the cargo of spellers, and every year the little books found their way from the city into thousands of settlements; and they were types of hundreds of other article which, passing through New Orleans, left behind in the hands of its merchants a substantial profit.

As Whitman himself said, the town fascinated him. He was especially attracted by the more-or-less disreputable element in the city's varied, constantly shifting population. He does not appear to have come in contact with the more refined,

wealthier people at all. Perhaps he did not feel attracted by them. It was rather the lower classes who interested him—the levee workers, the vagrants, the steamboatmen for whose convenience many of the saloons existed which so intrigued the poet. In fact, the most important work which he did in New Orleans was a series of articles published in the Crescent under the title of "Sketches of the Sidewalks and the Levee." The sub-title was even more illuminating—"Glimpses into the New Orleans Bar (Rooms)." This was a collection of seven articles, each about a column in length, which appeared in the Crescent at irregular intervals between March 13 and May 2, 1848. To them served as a sort of prelude a paper on "the Habitants of Hotels," printed three days before the first "sidewalks" sketches.

Whitman was as much impressed with the city's hotels as with the bar-rooms; and in fact, in those days, these glittering establishments must have provided an endless source of entertainment to a man of his observant habit—with their incessant coming and going of all nationalities; peoples from the North and West, from Latin American lands, from Europe desperadoes, gamblers, planters with their broad-brimmed hats and ample neckerchiefs; ladies in fichus and Cashmere shawls; curious Englishwomen like Miss Martineau, here to write a book; artists like Catlett or Audubon; polititians like Oakey Hall, who found New Orleans as alluring as New York; an incessant, brilliant throng, with an eagerness and zest in life which we can hardly picture to ourselves in this prosaic time of ours.

Whitman began by paying his respects to the dandy who used to lounge his days away in the hotel bar-rooms; no doubt a type frequently met with. "He is very particular about the quality of the crepe which he wears upon his hat, and is excessively fond of mild Havana cigars." Whitman also notes "an elderly gentleman who seems to desire to bite the head off a gold-mounted cane;" and a person who leaned back in his chair "with a Count d'Orsay fling to his blue broadcloth cloak." Finally, he describes "a young man with bandy legs who standing with his back to the stove, has just arrived from New York." This, quite possibly, was Whitman himself. "He prides himself upon the neatness of the tie of his crimson neckcloth, and professes to be a connoisseur in everything relating to peanuts. When he puffs the smoke of a remarkably bad cigar directly underneath your nostrils, he will discourse most learnedly about the classical performances in the Chatham theater, and swear by some heathen god or goddess, that 'Kirby was one of 'em, and no mistake.' This one of the 'b'hoys of the Bowery.' He strenuously contends that Mr. N. P. Willis is a humbug—that Mike Walsh is a 'hoss, 'and that the Brigadier 'ain't no where.' The great probability is that the 'b'hoy in question never saw either of the gentlemen he attemped to lampoon. The vista of his imagination certainly does not extend beyond Baton Rouge." The portrait is exaggerated, but it suggests many of Whitman's own idiosyncracies, and is curiously like the portrait of the poet which his contemporaries have handed down to posterity.

The "Sketches of the Sidewalks and the Levee" do not rise anywhere to a very high level of literary merit. They are portrayals of types not particularly different from those limned in "Habitants of Hotels," with this difference—that they are elaborated at greater length and assume a certain condemnatory tone. The first number is devoted to "Peter Funk, Esq.," a young gentleman about town who holds the highly responsible office of by-bidder in a mock auction—being engaged to the said work by "the man wot sells the watches." There were apparently a great many such establishments in the New Orleans of that time—places where the incautious stranger found himself com mitted without intention to the purchase of some trumpery article at a disproportionate price. Peter wore a new disguise every day, and "I scarcely knew him half the time," confesses his biographer.

Three days later a second sketch appeared, devoted to "Miss Grisette," a young lady who takes stand of evenings upon the pavement opposite the St. Charles Hotel for the "praiseworthy object of selling a few flowers at retail." Whitman evidently had a particular individual in view, in this description, inasmuch as he praises enthusiastically what he calls her *"em bon point,"* and speculates about her business at other hours than those devoted to the business in flowers. "Perhaps in the morning," he says, she sells bad coffee at a picayune a cup," and then assists her mother who is a respectable wash lady, and highly esteemed for those very desirable qualifications (six), namely the rendering of linen white and well starched."

The hero of the third installment in this series is described with a certain vehemence that suggests that here, too, Whitman was not relying entirely upon his imagination for the personality he was painting. The swashbuckler of the type of "Daggerdraw Bowieknife, Esq.," was only too conspicuous in the life of the city before the War Between the States. Whitman says his hero came to Louisiana by way of the Carolinas and Mississippi. "There are parts of Mississippi where a man may graduate into public favor through the merits of gunpowder, with a rapidity that is astounding. In New Orleans he disposed of six men, whose

ghosts no doubt followed in his wake when, to the relief of the community, Bowieknife emigrated to Texas. He was "one of those high minded fellows who would rather shoot a man than pay him what he owed him—In each pantaloon pocket he carried a small loaded pistol; In his bosom and within easy reach, was the handle of a large bowie knife weighing just one pound and a half, one of those murderous weapons more efficient than the Roman short sword, and equally servicable at cutting or thrusting. Daggerdraw had done bloody deeds with it in both ways, as more than one individual in Mississippi had experienced to his sorrow."

Whitman concludes with the remark: "Why is it that a false sense of honor requires men to face in deadly combat such men as Daggerdraw it is hard to divine."

On March 28 appeared a fourth installment, dedicated to "John J. Jinglebrain," one of your do-nothing, nothing-to-do gentry, who effect to hold a useful occupation in contempt. A week later Whitman described "Timothy Goujon, Vendor of oysters, free citizen of a remarkably free city." Then, after an interval of ten days, he printed an elaborate sketch of "Mrs. Giddy Gay Butterfly" a widow who intends to remain such "no longer than it pleases goodness to keep her so." Whitman takes advantage of the opportunity to ventilate his philosophy of women, which is not wholly complimentary. "There is a fashion", he said, "in the world, to praise, rather say idolize, women, whether they deserve it or not. A sort of blind, pagan idolatry of women, because she is woman; that is, while youth and beauty bloom about her—for when 'declined into the vale of tears' the worship becomes more traditional and very often the need of well-deserved approval is withheld—Women are mortals, and as such, notwithstanding their silks and satins fine,' are wrapped up in imperfections, even as we are. Sometimes they are styled *frailty,* but it is unjust and illnatured, for frail as they are, they embody a good deal of all the excellence that human nature can lay claim to. But they are not perfect, and to make 'golden calves' of them is absurd. Let them stand upon thieir own essential merits, without any extra appliance and even then the foundation of their influence would stand sure and unshaken."

The two concluding articles in the series dealt respectively with Patrick McDray," a stout Hibernian, driving cotton bales along the street," and "Samuel Senstive," and Samuel's love affair with Julia Katydid. Under Julia's gentle influence Samuel is transformed from "a prince of good fellows among a crowd of roysterers in an evening's carouse," into a respectable member of the community.

In an article in the Picayune published in 1887, Whitman even after forty years was able to recall his pleasure in visiting the old St. Louis Cathedral, one of the landmarks of New Orleans. He was there in Lent, and wrote for the Crescent an account of what he saw which has interest principally for the note of conventional piety that it strikes: "This venerable building," he says, "was, on Thursday last, resorted to by hundered of those who wished to show their penitence and humility. The old monastic church stood, as it were, aloof from the wings upon each side. The temples dedicated to the law—the higher courts upon the one side, and the municipal courts upon the other, have been renovated and now look like modern structures alongside of some monument of old. The tall gray cathedral reared its ancient spire to heaven; but the towers wherein the bells have tolled the death knell and rung the merry marriage music of thousands, were silent. It was a day dedicated to the 'King of Kings'—it was the Holy Thursday of Passion Week. It commemorated the occasion of the last supper of our Savior, who, when surrounded by his desciples, gave them his last earthly blessing. There were over two thousand communicants kneeling at the altars at various periods during the day, and all seemed fully sensible of the solemnity of the occasion. Grand Mass was celebrated—after which many persons came to adore or communicate in spirit with the 'son of Man.' In the niche on the right hand side stood a *basso relievo* of the Crucifixion, and underneath a higher portion of the altar, a cross covered with purple silk the color emblematical of the blood which gushed from the wound inflicted by the spearman upon the person of the Divine Nazarene. On the other side was in niche dedicated to St. Francis; this was half covered with a parti-colored drapery, which entirely concealed the face of the saint, but underneath there was an altar composed of the gorgeous flowers—whose radiant beauties were lighted up by innumerable candles in silver candlesticks. The church was crowded by those devoted to the Catholic religion, and presented a scene which was solemn and interesting in the highest degree. Our dark-eyed Creole beauties, with their gilt-edged prayer books in their hands, would walk in with an air which seem to say that beauty was part of religion. Dipping their taper fingers in the holy water, and crossing their foreheads, they would then walk up the aisle and kneel in prayer. We saw many women there whose garments betokened that some dear friend had not long since been laid in the grave. They knelt before the picture of Christ carrying his cross and prayed, no doubt, that

they might have strength to carry theirs. Persons of all classes bent down before the altars of religion. There was the broken-hearted man of the world—the gray haired man whose feet were on the brink of the grave—the blooming girl whose charms were just budding into womanhood—and the wrinkled, careworn widow to whom love was but a memory. Then again were the ancient servants of old families; and then ragged, pale-faced creaturs who looked as though they did not dare approach too near the altar. The whole scene was beautiful and solemn, and calculated to impress the soul with full reliance in the power of Him who rules above."

As a kind of pendant to this religious outburst we may give a few lines from a half-column sketch which was printed only a few days before Whitman left New Orleans. It is entitled 'A Sunday Sketch," and is an account of the persons seen on their way to church on a Sabbath morning. "Little girls in white slips and Leghorn hats walked the pavement as daintily as fairies. Young boys clothed in neat costumes might be seen walking arm in arm with prayer books and catachisms in their hands, while many an anxious parent's face glimmered through the window in order to see that the young rogues did not play truant." He goes on to enumerate the young clerk, the "sons of the ould Emerald Isle," and a lovely young girl with the beautifully molded form, and checks slightly tinted with the rose, and languishing eyes." Whitman notes that at an appropriate moment a young man exclaims "Mary," and taking the girl by the arm, leads her in the opposite direction. "They want to get married," he says, by way of explanation, "but he is proud and papa is rich, and poor Edward has no chance to see his sweetheart except on Sunday, when she goes to Church." The article closes with descriptions of the characters who leave church, the lovers exchanging *"billets doux,"* the inevitable widow "clad in somber black, who has lost all that was dear on earth," and the equally inevitable "poor decrepit man who leans upon his stick. Who shall say that they have not benefited by observing the Sabbath?" asks the poet, at the end, with a touch of rather smug religiosity.

Whitman was not very comfortable at Church. He was much more at his ease at a Saturday night dance. At least such is the impression one gathers from his account of what he calls "The Terpichorean Ball." This article, signed "You Know Me," was published just a week before his departure, and apparently records a real experience. He and some companions went to this entertainment, which took place in Lafayette, by the street car which in those days connected the little suburban town with New Orleans. "The Trojan horse," he says with a sigh, "could scarcely have contained more persons than that car." After the New Orleans custom, he relinquished his seat to a lady who needed it, and climbed up to a seat on the roof, but finding "three inches of dew on it," was reluctant to occupy it.

On arriving the poet found a great crowd assembled around the cloak-room, and gives an amusing description of his efforts to deposit his hat there. Having succeeded in disposing of that part of his costume, he was next careful to put on a pair of white kid gloves—the delicate little creatures—"not without wishing that they were never known!" he demands, pathetically. "If you did not, I did, that night. In the hurry of the moment I bought sevens instead of nines. I pulled and I pressed, and pulled again. No go. I was determined to have them on or burst. After awhile I didn't care; so I put my hands behind my back, and made my first *debeut* amidst the chivalry, beauty, lovliness, and exquisite grace congregated in that social hall."

What follows we may take at least partially fictitious. Gazing about the room he saw a most charming woman, who consented to be his partner for a dance. She seemed an ideal person for a wife, and after a few preliminary phrases, he devoted his attention to persuading her of the fact. But the courtship ended in anti-climax. "Just at this moment where, in any other place, I would be on my knees, the gentlemen who introduced me came up to us, and said, "Wife, ain't it time to go home?" "Yes, my dear,' she responded, casting a peculiar kind of a look at me, and bidding me good night, ,they left me like a motionless statue on the floor."

There may, however, have been some foundation for this story, as we know that Whitman was by no means an escetic in his habits, and it may well have happened that at one of the entertainments he describes, which were very frequent in the New Orleans of that time, he may have had a love affair with even less agreeable *denounement.* It seems that a few months after his departure, he received word of the birth of a child, a son, of which he was the father; who appears to have grown up and married and had children of his own. "Southern grand child," writes Whitman, in a letter to Symonds; "fine boy, writes to me occasionally—circumstances (connected with their fortune and benefit) have separated me from intimate relations." More than this we do not know.

The scanty literary value of these extracts from Whitman's articles in the "Crescent" is offset, of course, by the fact of the writer's subsequent poetic fame; but the period of his residence in New Orleans was apparently all but barren poetically.

With the exception of some verses contributed to the initial number of the Crescent, entitled "The Mississippi at Midnight," there is nothing in the file of this old newspaper in verse which can be considered his. Towards the end of his connection with the Crescent, there appeared in that paper some verses on "The Dinner Bell," the subject of which suggests that Whitman may have composed them:

How sweet the sound! How clear it rings!
How full and mellow every swell!
—And soon away his tools he flings,
When richly tolls the dinner bell,
The workman, hungry, sturdy strong,
Knows all is ready passing well—

The poor, the starving, wretched man,
With wife and children loved too well,
In deepest sorrow only can
Be pained when sounds the dinner bell."

This is the only piece of unsigned verse which appeared in the Crescent up to the date of Whitman's departure from New Orleans, and as it is displayed after the manner in which editorial matter was regularly published, there seems some reason to think that this bit of doggeral was from his pen. Its quality however, is too poor to make it worth while reprinting here in full.

With regard to "The Mississippi at Midnight," however, we are under no such uncertainty. Not only is it signed "W.," but in a revised form it was reprinted years after, in Whitman's collected works, under the title "Sailing the Mississippi at Midnight."

How solemn! sweeping this dense black tide—
No friendly lights i' the heavens o're us;
A murky darkness on either side
And kindered darkness all before us!

Now, drawn nearer the shelving rim,
Wierd-like shadows suddenly rise;
Shapes of mist and phantons dim
Baffle the gazer's straining eyes.

River friends, with malignant faces!
Wide and wild their arms are thrown,
As if to clutch in fatal embraces
Him who sails their realms upon.

Then, by the trick of our own swift motion,
Straight, tall giants, an army vast,
Rank by rank, like the waves of ocean,
On the shores march stilly past.

How solemn! A river trailing a pall,
Which takes but never again gives back;
And moonless and starless the heaven's arched wall,
Responding an equal black!

On tireless waters! Like life's quick stream,
Onward and onward ever hurrying—
Like death in this midnight hour you seem,
Life in your chill drops speedily burying!

In Whitman's "Collect," where this composition was subsequently reprinted, it was almost completely rewritten, but still it retains a recognizable likeness to the foregoing lines. Apparently, at the time of Whitman's visit in New Orleans he had not yet found himself.

The last contribution of Whitman to the Crescent appeared on May 18, 1848. On Friday, May 26, he and his brother were bound northward on the steamer "Pride of the West," which left New Orleans on its regular monthly trip that afternoon, at 4 o'clock. It would be interesting to know just why Whitman severed his connection with the Crescent. He has told us that the connection was very agreeable, and that he resigned because of the fact that his brother was ill, as a result of drinking the confessedly impure drinking water on which New Orleans then depended. No one who has followed Whitman's work in the Crescent, however, can resist the feeling that perhaps this was not the only reason. At the inception of his career in New Orleons he wrote frequently; as time passed, the matter which can definitely be ascribed to him deteriorates both in quantity and quality. It is possible, therefore, that the editors did not feel altogether satisfied with their associate, and that it was an intimation to that effect which led the poet to seek other and remote employment. The fact that Whitman seems to have devoted a great deal of time to a study of the fascinating New Orleans bar-rooms—to judge by his contributions to the Crescent, may have had something to do with the matter also.

Whitman himself has described for us the long journey back from New Orleans to New York. Writing in the Picayune, in 1887, and quoting from the diary that he kept at the time, he gives us a constructive narrative of the trip up the Mississippi and around by the great lakes to Buffalo, which was the route he and "Jeff" followed. He says:

In due time we took passage northward for St. Louis in the "Pride of the West" steamer, which left her wharf just at dusk. My brother was unwell, and lay in his berth from the moment we left till the next morning; he seemed to him to be in a fever, and I felt alarmed. However, the next morn-

ing he was all right again, much to my relief.

Our voyage up the Mississippi was after the same sort as the voyage, some months before, down it. The shores of this great river are very monotonous and dull—one continuous rank flat, with the exception of a meager stretch of bluff, about the neighborhood of Natches, Memphis, etc. Fortunately, we had good weather, and not a great crowd of passengers, through the berths were all full. The "Pride" jogged along pretty well, and put us into St. Louis about noon Saturday. After looking around a little I secured passage on the steamer "Prairie Bird", (to leave late in the afternoon,) bound up the Illinois River to La Salle, where we were to take canal for Chicago. During the day I rambled with my brother over a large portion of the town, searched after a refectory, and, after much trouble, suceeded in getting some dinner. Some of the streets of St. Louis are pleasant and cleanly, paved with limestone, but in dry weather the dust is distressing. St. Louis, however, is a great place for trade and money-making; there were enough signs of that on every side.

"Our 'Prairie Bird' started out at dark, and a couple of hours after, there was quite a rain and blow, which made them haul in along shore and tie fast. We made but thirty miles the whole night. The boat was excessively crowded with passengers, and had withal so much freight that we could hardly turn around. I slept on the floor, and the night was uncomfortable enough. The Illinois River is spotted with little villages with big names, Marseilles, Naples, etc.; its banks are low, and the vegetation excessively rank. Peoria, some distance up, is a pleasant town; I went over the place; the country back is all rich land for sale cheap. Three or four miles from Peoria, land of the first quality can be bought for $3 or $4 an acre. (I am transcribing from my notes written at the time).

Arriving at La Salle Tuesday morning. we went on board a canal boat, had a detention by sticking on a mud bar, and then jogged along at a slow trot, some seventy of us, on a moderate sized boat. (If the weather hadn't been rather cool, particularly at night, it would have been insufferable.) Illinois is the most splendid agricultural country I ever saw; the land of surpassing richness; the place par excellence for farmers. We stopped at various points along the canal, some of them pretty villages.

It was 10 o'clock A. M. when we got in Chicago, too late for the steamer; so we went to an excellent public house, the American Temperance, and I spent the time that day and till next morning, looking around Chicago. The city is a fine one and has every appearance of thrift.

"At 9 the next forenoon we started on the "Griffith" (on board of which I am now inditing these memoranda), up the blue waters of Lake Michigan. I was delighted with the appearance of the towns along Wisconsin. At Milwaukee I went on shore, and walked around the place. They say the country back is beautiful and rich. (It seems to me that if we should ever remove from Long Island, Wisconsin would be the proper place to come to.) The towns have a remarkable appearance of good living, without any penury or want. The country is so good naturally, and labor is in such demand.

On Friday night we passed through Mackinaw Straits, north; weather cold, and wind stiff. Saturday we had rather a pleasant passage, although the fog was dense. We steamed along, however, without interruption, and in the evening it cleared off beautifully. We ran down the St. Clair River and anchored there. Starting at daylight, we soon ran on the St. Clair flats, where we stuck for some four hours or more. The passengers, and much of the freight, were transferred to a steam lighter, and we got off at length.

From the captain of the lighter we learned that General Taylor had been nominated by the Whig National Convention, at Philadelphia. From present appearances there is every likelihood of his election. Cass is too unpopular with a large number of the Democratic party. Taylor will most likely carry New York. (I am curious to see by how much he will carry New York.)

It doesn't seem much like Sunday, today on board the boat. The passengers are amusing themselves in various ways; or rather trying to amuse themselves, for it seems rather dull work with most of them. We have a pretty full complement.

About 5 o'clock this afternoon I heard the cry of "a woman overboard." It proved to be a crazy lady, who had become so with the loss of her son a couple of weeks before. The small boat put off, and succeeded in picking her up, though she had been in the water 15 minuted. She was dead. Her husband was on board. They went off at the next stopping place. While she lay in the water she probably recovered her reason, as she tossed up her arms and lifted her face toward the boat.

Sunday Morning, June 11—On a sandbar, in the St. Clair flats, where we have been stuck for a couple of hours.

We passed down Lake Huron yesterday and last night, and between 4 and 5 o'clock this morning we ran on the "flats" and have been vainly trying, with the aid of a steam tug and a lumbering lighter, to get clear again to. The day is beautiful and the water clear and calm. Night before last we stopped at Mackinaw, (the island and town) and I went up on the old fort, one of the oldest stations

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Judah P. Benjamin

By DECCA LAMAR WEST

WE can but feel if D. W. Griffith, to whom we appealed in vain to revise "The Birth of a Nation", giving recognition to Jefferson Davis, as leader of one side of the greatest epoch in American History, would write a new play with Judah P. Benjamin the central figure, and cast George Arliss for the role, another great epic drama would result. This would also afford a great opportunity to give Jefferson Davis his rightful place in history and teach the men and women of today many truths that our text books have neglected to emphasize, or entirely ignored. The protrayal of the character of Judah P. Benjamin would afford Griffith, the dramatist, and Arliss the actor, a new fascinating metier for their talents. The strategy of the financier, and the diplomacy of the statesman that Arliss depicts in the widely varient plays, "Disraeli", and "The House of Rothschild", could be combined in interpreting the life and character of that remarkable personality, *The Greatest Jew In American Public Life—Judah P. Benjamin.*

The highest estimate of the number of Jews in the United States about the time of the outbreak of the War Between the State was about four hundred thousand (Jonas P. Levy in 1858; see "Publications," XI, p. 39), while the lowest, given by Mr. Simon Wolf in his work which is the standard authority on the participation of the Jews in the war, thinks it "Altogether doubtful whether there were more than 150,000, if that many, when hostilities commenced."

Neither the Government of the United States nor that of the Confederacy took notice of the religion of its soldier. A large number of the young German-Jewish volunteers were far from being strict adherents of religion, while many among the native Jews had American names and could not be easily recognized as Jews. The Secretary of War of the Confederacy, when requested, in the fall of 1864, to grant a furlough to Jewish soldiers who would like to keep Rosh ha-Shanah and Yom Kippur, is quoted as replying that he believed that there were from ten to twelve thousand Jews in the Southern Army, and that it would perhaps disintegrate certain commands if the request was granted. While this number is probably an exaggeration, it cannot be very far from the truth, and considering the comparatively small number of Jews in the South at that time, this is a really remarkable showing.

The number of Jews who distinguished themselves by their bravery and who attained high rank and other forms of recognition, was also correspondingly large, especially if we consider their inexperience in war.

* * * *

He was the son of Philip (b. about 1782) and Rebecca de Mendes Benjamin, who emigrated from London, England, to St. Thomas, W. I., in 1808, shortly after their marriage, where the son was born August 6, 1811. The Benjamins removed to the United States, where they originally intended to go, about 1818, and settled in Charleston, S. C. Judah Philip entered Yale University in 1825, and left in 1827, without taking a degree. A year later he came to New Orleans, where he taught English, learned French and studied law as a notary's clerk. He was admitted to bar in 1832, a year later married his former pupil, Natalie St. Martin, who remained all her life a devout Roman Catholic. The marriage was not a happy one, and when their only child which survived infancy was about five years old Mrs. Benjamin moved permanently to France to educate her, and Mr. Benjamin saw them only on his visits to Paris, which he made almost annually.

Benjamin was associated with Thomas Slidell, who later became Chief Justice of Louisiana, in the preparation of the Digest of the Reported Decisions of the Superior Courts in the Territory of Orleans and State of Louisiana, which was published in 1834. He soon afterward became interested in politics, and was elected to the lower house of the General Assembly of Louisiana on the Whig ticket in 1842. When he was forced by weakened eyesight to relinquish his law practice for a time, he took up sugar planting, in which he likewise succeeded very well. The plantation, however, was ruined by a flood, and Benjamin removed to New Orleans, together with the members of his family, whom he brought over from South Carolina. They were his mother (d. 1847), his oldest sister, the widow of Abraham Levy (whom she married in 1826), and his younger sister who later became the mother of Julius Kruttschnitt (b. in New Orleans, 1854), the railroad manager. As a planter Benjamin became a slave owner, and some of his slaves who were still living at the beginning of the present century, "would tell visitors all sorts of tales of the master long ago—none but kindly memories

and romantic legends of glory of the old place."

He soon became one of the recognized leaders of the Whig party in his state, and "no small share of the flashes of success that came to it in the last decade of its existence in Louisiana is attributable to his energy and political sagacity." He was, according to the journalistic custom of that time, savagely assailed by the newspapers which opposed him, and he was even charged, in 1844, with belonging to the "Know Nothing" party, despite of the fact that he was himself foreign born. But he agreed with that party in his opposition to the granting of suffrage to immigrants into the state, even to natives of Northern States, in whom he saw a source of danger to the South.

His seat in the Constitutional Convention of 1844 being contested, he resigned and was re-elected by a much larger majority. When he again took his seat at the convention which re-assembled in New Orleans, Bejamin was the recognized leader of the delegates of that city in its disputes with the representatives of the country districts. One of his speeches at that convention proved that he clearly foresaw the war in 1845, though he was then considered an alarmist. He was elected a State Senator in 1852, and soon became a leading candidate for the United States Senate. He received the nomination by an unexpectedly large majority and was elected in the same year, as a Whig. When that party was split by the antagonism between the North and the South, he came out openly in 1855 with the declaration that it did not exist any more as a national party. He urged the necessity of uniting in one great Southern party, on a platform "on which we can all stand together to meet with firmness the coming shock". When the formation of such a party proved impracticable he turned to the Democratic party and became more friendly to the administration. His first really powerful speech in the Senate was delivered May 2nd, 1856, on the Kansas bill, in which he distinctly and calmly enunciated the right of secession.

In 1859 Benjamin was re-elected to the United States Senate by a majority of one vote. He was one of the prominent Senators, and chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He was in favor of secession only as a last resort; but thought that this last resort was reached after Lincoln's election in 1860. He delivered two powerful orations in the Senate in the following winter, and a memorable farewell speech, February 4, 1861 on the right of Louisiana to secede. His last speech in the capitol was delivered before the Washington Artillery on Washington's birthday, and soon after, in New Orleans, he took leave of his family, whom he was never to see again.

Louisiana had already seceded from the Union on January 26, 1861, and one month later, February 25, Benjamin was named by the President of the Confederate States of America, Jefferson Davis as his Attorney-General. Benjamin assumed his new office at the new capital, Montgomery, Alabama; but there was hardly any work for him to do as an Attorney-General to a government that practically had no courts. But he was often called upon by President Davis to perform other services which required tact and delicacy, and he soon gained the latter's confidence to a marked degree.

On September 17, 1861, Benjamin was named Secretary of War to succeed Secretary Walker, acting also as Attorney-General until November 15 of that year. He proved unpopular in his new office, and was blamed by a Congressional committee for not sending ammunition to General Wise, who lost an important battle about that time. As a matter of fact there was nothing to sent, and the President and his Secretary of War preferred to accept official blame to disclosing the dearth and scarcity of powder to a committee of the Confederate Congress, fearing that it might become known to the Yankees. Benjamin shouldered the odium, as usual; but he rose in the estimation of Davis and the other leaders who were conversant with the true state of affairs. Thus it happened that while almost everybody in the South expected Benjamin to be dismissed in disgrace, the surprising news was published on March 27, 1862, that he was promoted to the office of Secretary of State.

His new Department was the one for which he was pre-eminently fitted and while he could not, in the nature of things, accomplish all that was expected of him, he earned the undying fame which was best expressed in the description of him as the "Brains of the Confederacy." The great problem was to obtain assistance from a maritime power, the only one who could help the blockaded Confederacy, which was prevented by the blockade from selling its chief staple article—cotton. Spain, though a slave power herself at that time was unfriendly to the former persistent filibuster, and her distrust could not be overcome. France was too friendly with England and would not interfere without the latter's consent or co-operation, so, that even if the South could send out a new Benjamin Franklin to Paris he could accomplish little. Benjamin, like almost all Southern statesmen, believed that England would be unable to get along without cotton, and ignoring or misunderstanding the moral forces which the cause of the North awakened in Europe, he displayed more independence at the beginning than was justifiable. Later, when he was in England, Benjamin declared: "I did not believe that your government would allow such misery to your operatives, such

loss to your manufacturers, or that the people themselves would have borne it." Benjamin believed that recognition (by England and France) even without intervention would end the war, and he might have been right if recognition came early.

Mason, the Southern representative in England, made little headway, and even had his cause been stronger, he was no match for Adams, the minister of the North. Slidell, Benjamin's friend, was apparently more successful in France. Benjamin authorized him to offer France a cotton subsidy valued at over sixty million francs for breaking the blockade or even for simple recognition of the Confederacy. Emperor Louis Napoleon (1808-73) seemed to have been favorably inclined, and Mercier, the French minister at Washington, who visited Richmond with Lincoln's permission, was so influenced by Benjamin that he became almost enthusiastic. One who has studied the history of the two or three decades preceeding the great conflict of the 60's can but recall the many statesmen of the South who shaped the policies of that brilliant period and speculate on what might have happened if Benjamin could have had the backing of such statesmen as Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Mirabeau Lamar, and others framed as "moulders of public opinion" all of who had passed from the scene of action during the most critical period of American History; at least to the time of 1917. Mirabeau B. Lamar especially had achieved contacts with the statesmen of England and France as President of the Republic of Texas, and was recognized as publicist in both Nations, perhaps more than any other American of that particular period. Had he lived a few years longer (he died in 1859) he might have been able to conteract the influence of Adams and won the ears of the foreign statesmen as he had for the Republic of Texas. It is true that Judge L. Q. C. Lamar of Mississippi, one of America's most distinguished jurists, was on a foreign mission as an emissary of the Confederate State, but his activities were confined chiefly to Russia. But this was a period when intercommunication took months instead of being flashed in the twinkling of an eye.

Benjamin worked very hard as Secretary of State, although there were no ambassadors to be received and no social functions to be attended in Richmond. "It has been stated on good authority that President Davis consulted with his Secretary of State more freely than with any other member of his cabinet, and finding him always willing and able, got in the habit of referring to the State Department anything that did not beyond any hope belong to some other department". Benjamin's assistant secretary, L. O. Washington, writes of him: ("He was ever calm, self-poised, and master of all his resources. His grasp of a subject seemed instantaneous. His mind appeared to move without friction. His thought was clear." Mrs. Jefferson Davis wrote: "Mr. Benjamin was always ready for work; sometimes with half hour recess, he remained with the Executive from ten in the morning until night. Both the President and the Secretary of State worked like galley slaves, early and late. Mr. Davis came home fasting, a mere mass of throbbing nerves, and perfectly exhausted; but Mr. Benjamin was always fresh and bouyant."

When New Orleans fell, Benjamin's little family, after many privations and misadventures, moved to La Grange, Ga., where he could again supply them with money. When the fortune of the Confederacy began to wane, his unpopularity increased and attacks upon the score of his religion and race which were never neglected by his opponents during his entire career, were now redoubled. On February 9, 1865, Benjamin made, at a mass meeting in Richmond, the last public speech of his life. His power over his audience was still great, but all was lost. Richmond fell in less than two months. After an anxious week at Danville, he accompanied President Davis to Greenboro, North Carolina, where the fugitive government halted for a few days. Taking leave of Mr. Davis, to whom he could no longer be of any assistance, he escaped to the West Indies, where he visited his native place for the last time, and after many dangers and adventures he arrived in England, July 22, 1865.

Although England did not recognize the Confederacy, many sympathized with it, and Bejamin, whose fame preceded him, was received in London with great friendliness, despite the order which he had given as Secretary of State, expelling from the Confederate States all British Consuls, because they persisted in acting under orders from their superiors in Washington. He was befriended by many of the important men of the time in London, including both Benjamin Disraeli (Earl of Beaconsfield, 1804-81) and William E. Gladstone (1809-98). Having been born in an English colony the son of an Englishman, he simply returned to his original allegiance, seemingly trying to forget his experience of more than forty years as an American. He never made a political address or a public declaration after leaving America.

* * * *

The escape in an open boat to Cuba, to which General Reagan, President Davis and others bear record, later, is one of many thrilling adventures for the dramatist's art.

Wiernik says further: "His subsequent career as an English barrister, as one of the the greatest of his time, was wonderful, especially when we remember that it was begun when he was over fifty-five years of age; with a past history which was

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Famous Old Homes in Louisiana

By SAMUEL WILSON JR.

SOON after the purchase of Louisiana in 1803 and with the launching of the first steamboat on the Mississippi by Nicholas Roosevelt in 1811, a wave of prosperty swept over Louisiana and old French and Spanish creole New Orleans sprang to the foremost ranks among the cities of America. From every section Americans poured into the new land of promise, sturdy pioneers from Kentucky and aristocratic families from Maryland and the Carolinas. In every section of the State, on the banks of the closely woven network of navigable streams, bayous and rivers, rich plantations sprang up and flourished, and prosperous planters erected fine houses for their families, equipped with every luxury the times afforded, and attended by countless slaves. Few states can boast a richer historical and architectural heritage than that left to Louisiana by these American planters and the earlier French and Spanish settlers.

The French had in 1718, under Bienville, founded New Orleans though a previous settlement had been made at Natchitoches on Red River in 1707. French colonists established themselves on plantations along the Mississippi and the Teche and Bayou La Fourche and in the country around Natchitoches. They too erected spacious homes for comfortable living, but simple and entirely lacking in the ostentatious manner which prevailed in the flush time around 1840. Many of these old houses have disappeared, some into the river and others victims of fire, storm, flood or progress. Some fine examples remain, however, such as the Parlange Place on False River with its twin pigeoniers and spacious galleries. It was built by the Marquis Ternant in the middle of the eighteenth century and is still occupied by his descendants.

Other examples of this type are the old Macarty House in the lower part of New Orleans, home of one of the most prominent of the early families, and the General Plaauche' and Prudhomme houses in North Louisiana, near Natchitoches.

More elegance is displayed in the homes of the Creoles in New Orleans. Although little remains from the period of French domination (1718-1769) due to the disastrous fires which twice laid the city in ashes, the French influence continued to dominant in the city until the time of the transfer in 1803. Although Spain had possessed the colony for over thirty years, its influence on the architecture of Louisiana has been very slight, being confined principally to the public buildings which they erected.

Of the few French buildings which escaped the fire of 1788 none is of greater merit than the old Archbishopric erected in 1727-34 as a convent for the Ursuline nuns, one of the finest examples of Bourbon architecture in America, and now the oldest building in the Mississippi Valley. Its history is long and varied. It was the first cultural influence in the colony, the first girls' school in America. The nuns labored within its well-built walls for almost a century, then sold the property and moved to larger quarters farther down the river. Their old convent became for a time in 1831 the state capitol, and from 1834 till 1899 it served as the archepiscopal residence.

The center of the old Creole city has always been the Place d'Armes, called Jackson Square since 1850. B. H. Latrobe, first real American architect, arriving here in 1819, declared:

"New Orleans has at first sight a very noble and imposing appearance, beyond any other city in the United States in which I have yet been—The public square, which is open to the river, has an admirable general effect, and is infinitely superior to anything in our Atlantic cities as a water view of the city. The whole of the side parallel to the river is occupied by the Cathedral as a center, and by two symmetrical buildings on each side. At the southwest corner of the square is a building of excellent effect, Tremoulet's—The construction of the house and of two or three others which I have seen, is entirely French. A lower story, divided into and let as stores, and an entresol in which the storekeeper lives, or which is let to other families, then a handsome range of apartments surrounding a court of thirty by twenty-four feet. The appearance externally of the house is very good, and if the whole square were thus built up it would be one of the handsomest in any country.

"In the interior the court give light to all the stories but is reserved only for the use of the principal story and is entered by a porte cochere. Part of the entresol is also appropriated to the use of the hotel, which thus becomes very roomy and commodious."

Tremoulet's was one of the finest homes in the city; it was built in 1807 by Madame Castillion,

widow of Don Almonaster y Roxas, who had built the Cathedral, Cabildo and Presbytere, which face the square. Latour and Laclotte were the architects. The house is gone now, having been destroyed in 1849 to make way for the Pontalba Buildings which now flank the square. These long red rows with their graceful cast iron balconies, were built by Micaela, Baroness Pontalbo, daughter of Don Almonaster, and were the first apartment buildings in the United States.

A house still standing, very similar in description to Tremoulet's and built about the same time, possibly by the same architect, is the one known as the "Napoleon House". It was built by Nicholas Girod, Mayor of the city from 1812 to 1815, and offered as a refuge to Napoleon in 1821, when a group of Louisianians planned to rescue the exiled Emperor from his island prison. Napoleon's death put an end to the plot before it could be consummated.

Madam John's Legacy on Dumain Street, is an earlier example. It is a curious adaption to the limitations of a city lot of French plantation type of home previously referred to. It is owned by Mrs. I. I. Lemann, who has a clear title deed extending back to 1728 showing successive ownership by twenty sea captains, some of whom are said to have carried on a very profitable business in contraband. The name Madame John's Legacy was given by George W. Cable in a novel entitled "Tite Poulette".

Quite similar to Madame John's is the Old Spanish Custom House on Bayon St. John. Built about 1784 it shows somewhat the influence of the architecture of the West Indies. The house was probably occupied by a Spanish Custom official at the time when the head of Bayou St. John was a port of entry to New Orleans. Nearby are other houses of a somewhat later period but of similar design with cemented brick columns on the first floor and turned wood columns on the second floor galleries.

With the coming of the Americans from the colonies a strong Georgian influence was introduced into New Orleans architecture. This may be seen in numerous buildings such as the Grima House on St Louis Street, built about 1831, and the Louisiana State Bank at the corner of Royal and Conti Streets, the last design of Benjamin Latrobe, who died in 1820 before it was completed.

On many of the plantations the introduction of Georgian forms is noted, a particularly fine example being the residence of Weeks Hall in New Iberia, built about 1830 by David Weeks. Of similar form is the Chretien House near Sunset, Owned by Dr. Gardiner. Houses of this period, just before the Greek Revival, show the finest development of the plantation type in Louisiana.

In the area around St. Francisville many of the best examples of this period are found. There is Waverly the Jack Lester's house, built in 1807, Oakley where Audubon lived for several years, built in 1808-1810 by James Pirrie; and Live Oak, the LeSassier home. Here too are found many of the best houses of the early Greek Revival period. Rosedown is famed for its great camelia and azalea gardens, one of the few plantation gardens left in the state, although so overgrown as to almost lose all semblance to its original carefully studied form. It was built in 1835 by James Turnbull and is occupied by his descendants, the Misses Bowman. Ellerslie and Greenwood are more typical of the Greek Revival, with two-story colonnade on all four sides. The former was built by Judge W. C. Webb in 1835 and the latter by Ruffin Barrow in 1830. The Edward Percy's now own Ellerslie, while Greenwood is owned by the Frank Percy's.

Forty miles to the east around the little town of Clinton, are also excellent houses of this period, too numerous to mention.

This is the best work of the Greek revival. After it came a gradual decline in taste. Ostentation became the desired quality and many of the largest plantation houses in Louisiana were built during the period of greatest prosperity about 1840. Henry Howard, Architect, built Madwood for Thomas Pugh in 1846 on Bayou Lafourche, near where W. W. Pugh had built Woodlawn a few years earlier. Both are huge houses with Ionic porticos and single story attached wings. Belle Grove on the Mississippi—1857—is perhaps the most grandiose, with great corinthian porticos on three sides. Uncle Sam also belongs to this class, although the detail is simpler, quite coarse in fact. Its principal attraction is in the fine grouping of the out-buildings around the great colonnaded house. There are two symmetrical garconnieres in front and two pigeonnieres and two offices little classic temples, symmetrically placed in the rear. Beyond negro cabins extend in a long line through the cane fields to the sugar house. It dates from 1836.

All along the Mississippi are to be found examples of the Greek Revival. Below New Orleans is the Rene Beauregard House, designed by James Gallier in 1840. Across the river is Belle Chasse, home of Judah P. Benjamin, and Seven Oaks, the Zeringue Plantation. Nearer to Baton Rouge are the Hermitage, the Bringier Place; and Belle Helene, formerly Ashland, built in 1841 by Duncan Kenner. At Vacherie is Oak Alley. And there are

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Sugar Industry in Louisiana

By ELEANOR E. RIGGS

WHEN the Jesuit missionaries came to Louisiana in 1752 they introduced from San Domingo the culture of sugar cane, oranges, lemons and figs. The products were destined to become a part of the history of Louisiana. In the development of plantations, whose broad acres were planted with rows on rows of sugar cane and around whose spacious homes sweet scented orange trees and wide spreading fig trees made lovely groves yielding generous gifts of delicious fruit, there came a new life of culture and comfort because of the wealth created from these crops.

The real value of the sugar industry began when Etienne de Bore succeeded in making a successful granulation of sugar in large open kettles after numerous experiments had failed. The story is told that de Bore was hailed as the saviour of Louisiana and that his plantation, situated on the present site of Audubon Park became a Mecca for planters from all over the state to learn the art and to return to their homes to let the new sugar cane take the place of the indigo plant as a staple product. Thus in 1795 the white cane of the West Indies laid the foundation of the future wealth of Louisiana.

The area of Louisiana most suited to the culture of cane lies in the alluvial valley of the Mississippi south of Baton Rouge, in the rich black lands of the Teche and the Attakapas and in the Old River and Bayou La Fourche districts.

From 1800 to the present times these sections have furnished their annual production of sugar. Here may be found old plantation homes, still occupied by descendants of the long ago, homes in general aspect the same but whose crystal chandeliers and rich sconces have shed their candles for electric lights just as the ice house in the rear has given way for the electric refrigerator. So too, the old fashioned sugar house with its open kettles and long handled dippers and scrapers has been converted or rebuilt into the modern refinery running night and day in the grinding season to place the rich output of the big centrifugals upon the market.

The history of sugar planting in Louisiana is a romantic story of skilled scientific experiments, a story of financial losses as well as gains, a story of patient self sacrificing efforts to make a living out of a clean, honest bit of farming. Tradition tells us that Etienne de Bore sold his sugar crop for $12,000—this was big money in those days—The yield of sugar per acre in the nearby tropics was far greater than Louisiana could produce. Labor was cheaper, and so there came into the program of sugar making the great protection theory. It was thus that Louisiana for so many years continued on the side of the Whig party that stood unequivocably for a tariff for protection. Then came along years of experimenting with many varieties of cane. It was finally agreed that the purple and striped cane from the orient was richer in sugar content. Then silver stalks of early days gave way to rich purple canes waving their beautiful green ribbons in the sunlight and for years Louisiana's fields were covered with the glory of the East. Perhaps it was the rare combination of purple, green and gold that afterwards became the royal colors of Rex, the monarch of the merriest Carnival in the world, the Mardi Gras of New Orleans.

In 1884 the sugar planters of the state decided to establish a sugar experimental station and by private subscription raised funds and built an expermental farm and sugar house ten miles above New Orleans, near Kenner. Later the experimental station was moved to Audubon Park and affiliated with this was the Audubon Sugar School later connected with Tulane University. Here the experiments continued and the most alert, scientific observations and tests were made. Here young men were enrolled not only from the "Sugar Bowl" of Louisiana but from far away China, Japan, the Philippines and the tropics to be trained in the latest scientific methods of sugar making.

Experiments were made with commercial and native fertilizers, chemical processes were applied to clarify the juice and new and ingenious machinery tried out in the process of grinding the cane and in crystallizing the sugar.

In 1888 Congress passed the Hatch Act giving appropriation of $15,000 for each state for experimental agricultural purposes. With this Louisiana was able to maintain the experiment stations of the Agricultural College of the Louisiana State University.

The latest experiments have been made with a new variety of purple cane from Java commonly known as P. O. J. This is a more prolific variety and less susceptible to the destructive "sugar borer", a worm that has destroyed fields of cane.

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John James Audubon

By MRS. JAMES F. TERRELL

JOHN James Audubon was born at Les Cayes, Santo Domingo, now Haiti, April 26th, 1785. His father, Lieutenant John Audubon, a French Naval officer and planter brought the infant child to New Orleans following the death of his mother. His early education was received in France where he was sent at the age of fifteen years; and while there his father placed him under a famous French painter as he had early shown a talent for painting birds.

But since Audubon wanted to be out-of-doors with the trees, flowers and birds, the crowded studio of a great city was irksome to him, therefore he was unable to put his mind to his work, so his father sent him to a farm at Mill Grove, near Philadelphia. It was not long before his room resembled a museum as it was filled with stuffed animals and birds. He studied nature to his heart's content, and went annually alone with his gun, telescope and drawing materials, into deep and unexplored forests, and through wild regions of country, making long journeys on foot and counting nothing a hardship that added to his specimens.

After his marriage to Miss Lucy Blackewell, the daughter of a neighbor, Audubon became connected with a business firm in New York; but this proved most uninteresting to him and he soon withdrew from the firm, and went to Kentucky where he again tried business, only to fail. Returning to New Orleans, his brother-in-law induced Audubon to go into business with him and again he failed. This failure was due to his lack of interest in business as most of his time was spent in the woods painting birds. These drawings were exact and life-like even to the smallest detail, and he studied the wilder birds through a telescope, and as much as it hurt him he occasionally killed a rare specimen in order to exactly reproduce it in art.

Sometimes accompanied by his son, Victor, he made extensive trips along the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers and into the adjoining country to carry on his work. Such a life as this brought him no income and all his friends thought him crazy. The only encouragement which he received was from his wife who stood loyally by him with implicit faith in his ability to succeed. In order to educate their children, Audubon's wife went to work as a governess in New Orleans, and later they both taught school in Bayon Sara, Louisiana.

This proved a hard struggle for existence, and after a time Audubon gathered all his material and pictures, and leaving his family in Bayon Sara, worked his way to Philadelphia. On his way to this city, he left his collection in charge of a relative in Henderson, Kentucky. After several months in Philadelphia, he returned for his pictures and when his treasure box was produced and opened, found that a family of rats had taken lodging among his papers and completely destroyed what a short time before had represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air.

This was a severe test of his moral fibre which he bravely weathered after several days passed as in oblivion. Audubon's wonderful constitution soon overcame his affected nervous system, and he set to work bravely to replace his treasurers. Again he went forth with gun, note-book and pencil and in about three years had again filled his portfolio. During such times as he could spare from his birds he gave music and dancing lessons and painted a few portraits in order to earn a living.

Back to Philadelphia he went, and his pictures here attracted the attention of a French visitor, Prince Canino, a nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte. The Prince urged Audubon to publish his works, so he went to England to see what could be done. His pictured attracted foreign ornithologists and many scientists and literary men. But one hundred thousand dollars to finance the cost of publication seemed a hopeless outlook for an almost penniless man. To get subscribers at one thousand dollars a copy, was an enormous undertaking; yet he set to work to accomplish this, and the Kings of England and France headed the list of subscribers. While Audubon was soliciting subscriptions in London and Paris he painted and peddled pictures. Finally his great work, "The Birds of America" which consisted of four hundred thirty-five plates in four massive volumes began to come from the press, and at the end of twelve years, the work of engraving and painting was finished.

Europe recognized his genius and poured honors upon Audubon. He was made an honorary member of many societies, while kings and princes showered their attentions upon one of the world's greatest naturalists.

His days of hardship now over he returned to

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Poets and Poetry of the Southland

By GRACE DUPREE RIDINGS

Louisiana

God said, "Let there be Light!" and
Light leapt straightway,
Where void had been, too black for
thought to pierce,
And set the Tree of Life at Eden's
gateway,
And tamed the jackal and the lion
fierce,
Even He, the All-Prevailing and All-
Knowing,
All-Merciful, Omnipotent, Divine.
Decreed for Adam's seed fair rivers
flowing,
Hill, vale, and wood, and orchard-
tree, and vine.

One God, Creator, Lord from the Be-
ginning
Of all that is or was or e'er shall be,
Who sent the stars through cosmic
courses spinning,
And loosed the winds, and chained
the restive sea,
Who reared the mountains crowned
with snows eternal,
And made the fowls, and fish, and
beast, and man,
And sowed the fruits of earth, with
love supernal,
All needful things to bless the mor-
tal span,

Portioned the globe for human hab-
itation,
For flock and herd, dumb creatures
small and great,
All climes for teeming hordes of
tribe or nation,
Frigid and torrid zone, and tem-
perate,
With bounteous gifts endowed a
lovely region,
Where skies were soft and Nature
prodigal,
And oak and pine tree stood in ser-
ried legion,
By river, bayou, lake, or waterfall;

Where jessamine, magnolia, cypress,
myrtle,
Freighted the gentle gale with fra-
grant sighs,
And flowers wove for earth a vivid
kirtle,
To deck primeval scene with richest
dyes;
Where redbird's songs and mocking-
bird's gay rondeau,
All dulcet sounds to Nature's choir
known,
The Indian maiden's hymn to the
Wacondah,
Were through the vast and lonely
forest blown.

And it was written on the Scroll of
Races:
Here Time that holdeth all life in
duress
Hath destined women with exalted
faces,
Brave men, to people glade and wild-
erness;
Where Mississippi rolls his turgid
waters,
Or creek, or streamlet, glides with
placid wave,
To breed heroic sons, deep-bosomed
daughters,
Clearing broad acres for the archit-
rave;

To transplant to new soil proud ins-
titution
Of Church, of State, of Culture, Let-
ters, Art,
Seeking through mutual interest the
solution
Of common weal, the goal of Christ-
ian heart;
To hew the beam, the grove's tall
monarch robbing,
Build bridges, harbor, mart, fort,
batture high,
And feel the mighty pulse of Com-
merce throbbing,
The strong heart-beat of virile In-
dustry;

To plant the loam with indigo and
cotton,
Wheat, sugar-cane, tobacco, rice and
corn,
And reap the yield by fertile earth
begotten,
Strength to sustain, or body to
adorn;
To subject savage, swamp, morass,
savanna,
With souls exultant, and with
dauntless glance,
And they shall call the land "Louis-
iana",
Named for the Fourteenth Louis,
King of France.

—Lilita Lever Younge
Poet Laureate of the Louisiana Di-
vision, U. D. C.

Take Me Back To Louisiana

Take me back to Louisiana,
Where the sweet Cape-jasmines
grow,
And the mocking bird sings its
sweetest,
In the twilight's soft'ning glow;
Where the green is showing always
In hedge-bush, vine and tree;
Take me back to Louisiana,
There is where I long to be.

Take me back to Louisiana,
Where the wind sighs through
the corn,
And the mist hangs o'er the rice
fields,
Like a breath of autumn morn;
Where the river's swiftly winding,
Like a ribbon, to the sea;
Take me back to Louisiana,
There is where I long to be.

Take me back to Louisiana,
Where the brown grasshoppers
play,
And the silver-winged cicada
Thrills the golden hours away;
Where the sun is ever shining,
And the sky's an endless blue;
Where 'tis rose-time in December,
And in auroral April, too.

Take me back to Louisiana,
Where the mallard streaks the
sky,
And the startled doe and lev'ret,
Trembling, hear the huntsman's
cry;
Where the negro croons at sunset,
And life is happy, sweet and free;
Take me back to Louisiana,
There is where I long to be.

O, I love thee, Louisiana,
Thou temple of God's love,
Where the drip of Nature's incense
Perfumes meadow, wold and
grove;
Where men's hearts are just a-sing-
ing,
Because sweet God has made them
free;
Take me back to Louisiana,
There is where I long to be.

—Thomas O. Harris

PERSONALITY SKETCHES

Famous People of Louisiana Not Much in Print

By ANDRE LAFARGUE

Commander Of The French Legion Of Honor
1st. Vice President of the Louisiana Historical Society

"The boast of heraldry; the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
(Grey's Elegy)

THE Catholic priest and the Protestant layman that I refer to in this article, in deeply sincere but most inadequate language, were evidently inspired by the English poet anent the vanity of terrestial accomplishments and the fleeting character of whatever reputation may have been achieved by one in the course of his earthly career. Both lived, labored and wrought in Louisiana with the thought uppermost in their mind that they should be useful citizens, irrespective of whether they were acclaimed or not by their fellow men, and with no thought whatever as to that which posterity might have in store for them. And yet in their days and long after their death and even to the present day they have left a heritage of usefulness and a memory which, if not often referred to, is none the less one that we cherish and revere.

Of different faith and ideals, different pursuits and walks in life, one the priest and the other the layman, they have this in common, they neither sought glory nor popular acclaim and that the matter of posthumous recognition left them supremely indifferent. They toiled and labored for the greater glory of God and in the service of humanity, deriving full satisfaction and contentment from the deeds which they performed through a sense of duty to the Maker and to His creatures. The Reverend Francois Isidore Turgis, known affectionately to all his contemporaries as "Pere Turgis" was born in the Normandy section of France and after being ordained as priest of the Holy Roman Catholic Church served as vicar and assistant in some of the outlying parishes of the great French capital. Of a daring and roving disposition he joined the French army as a chaplain and served with conspicuous distinction in the war with Austria waged by France in the days of the Second Empire to free Italy from Germanic bondage and tutelage. He returned to his parochial work when peace was achieved and for some time was stationed at Versailles, where the great palace of French royalty was erected by the Roi-Soleil, Louis XIV. His faithful were not very rich and he ministered to their spiritual and material wants with religious fervor and fraternal zeal. He felt however the distant call of the missionary and in 1860 or thereabouts arrived in these United States of America, considered at the time as a field for missionary work. Upon his arrival in New Orleans he was assigned by the Bishop of New Orleans to the St. Louis Cathedral, as an assistant. He was carrying out his priestly work at our Metropolitan Church and parish when the war between the States broke out. Father Turgis at once realized that he could render, as he had done before, valuable services to his fellow men on the battlefield. He responded to the call to arms as a spiritual adviser and as a heavenly comforter. His accoutrement was a cassock and his weapons a crucifix and a rosary. From 1862 to the end of the Confederate War, good Father Turgis' work as a chaplain and an ever smiling and cheerful companion endeared him mightily to the soldiery of the Lost Cause. His bravery, his never failing spirit his intense modesty and his great devotion to his soldier boys won for him the everlasting esteem and profound gratitude of all those to whom he ministered and of all those who witnessed his courage and heroic deeds under most terrific conditions.

Our great Louisiana historian Alice Fortier refers to Father Darius Hubert of the Jesuit Order and to Father Francois Isidore Turgis as the greatest chaplains of the Confederacy and General Beauregard and other leaders of the Southern hosts have time and again eulogized the zeal and heroism of the saintly priests who risked their lives to bring cheer and spiritual comfort to the wounded and the sick.

Father Turgis left the city in 1862 as chaplain of the Orleans Guard Battalion. He went

through the Battle of Shiloh with such conspicuous bravery and did such effective work in his ministrations of the wounded and dying under severe fire of the enemy that he was cited for gallantry in action and signal devotion to his sacred calling. He was then given a very high position as one of the chief chaplains of the Army of Tennessee with which he remained until the close of the war, participating in all of the numerous and ardous engagements that this army fought. He was at one time connected with Colonel Breaux's 30th Louisiana Regiment.

I could not begin to relate the many anecdotes that his companions in arms would indulge in concerning the bravery and the spirit of heroism which Father Turgis time and again displayed on the battlefield and in the trying moments which the Southern armies went through. Father Turgis was to be found everywhere, under shot and shell, in the thick of the battle, helping the wounded and consoling the dying.

When the war was over he resumed his work as assistant at the Cathedral. He had become famous however and his surviving comrades would gather of an evening in the little alley known as Pere Antoine's Alley, in front of the presbytery, to talk over old times and to indulge in recollections of the war. They came in such large numbers and they used at times such strong and picturesque language that the pastor of the Cathedral told Father Turgis that he would have to curtail to some extent these "levees" and particularly ask his comrades to use language that was more appropriate with the place and its surrounding The message was conveyed to the veterans and they grew so indignant that they asked Bishop Odin to give Father Turgis a pastorate. The Bishop had none that he could dispose of at the time but he humored the old time companions of the saintly chaplain by appointing him a priest in charge of the Mortuary Chapel at the corner of Conti and N. Rampart Streets—which subsequently became St. Anthony of Padua's Church and which is today Our Lady of the Guadalupe Church. The assignment was not a very important one and the small room which Father Tugis occupied, back of the main altar, was not a luxuriously appointed one, but there was plenty of space on the sidewalk, on Basin Street, in the rear, and none but the dead in the cemetery to be distrubed by loud and explosive talk and so the gatherings of veterans at the former chaplains new pastorate increased in size and importance and every one was happy. In those days the highest and the lowest visited Father Turgis and sought his advice and spiritual comfort. Generals, colonels, captains, lieutenants and mere privates would call upon him and pay their respects. He was given good clothes and at times furnished luxuries by way of food and delicacies but he would at once distribute all these gifts to the poor and the needy and it was a source of never failing astonishment to his old companions that the good father never wore any of the warm and comfortable clothes given him and never ate of the dainty dishes sent him. He was the very soul of kind heartedness and charity. He had contracted a severe stomach ailment during the Confederate War and it developed into a cancer which brought his saintly life to a close on March 3rd 1868., at the age of 63 years.

His death was a great blow to the entire community. Never was a human being more deeply mourned than good "Pere Turgis". The newspaper accounts dealing with his death and funeral state that thousands repaired to the humble chapel where the good priest lay in state. The State, municipal and other authorities attended his funeral in a body and the people at large by the thousands followed his bier. He is buried to-day in St. Louis Cemetery No. 3 under a very impressive granite tombstone on which are carved merely the words "Pere Turgis" "Army of Tennessee, C. S. A. 1861-1864" There was a time when special commemorative ceremonies would be held on Confederate Memorial Day at his grave. I do not know whether these practices still prevail. I do know however that "Pere Turgis" is one of the unsung heroes of Louisiana, who has left us a heritage of duty well and nobly accomplished and of a life devoted to God and to his fellow men. "Bravery and Charity" are the two words which sum up this admirable and soul inspiring life.

* * * *

When not on the battlefield Father Turgis would spend his time and accomplish his priestly work in the Vieux Carre" either at the Cathedral or while in charge of the Mortuary Chapel. My other personality sketch of "Louisianians not much in print" deals with a sterling citizen, a public spirited man, one whose career was brought to an untimely and tragic end, but who left behind him also a hallowed and grateful memory. He is not often referred to nowadays and yet I say without fear of contradiction that the "Vieux Carre", that we are so very proud of and which constitutes as we all know an invaluable civic asset, would have fallen into oblivion and crumbled into dust and desecration if William Ratcliffe Irby, philantropist, charity dispenser and lover of the past had not saved it. It is not my purpose in this article to speak of his phenomenal rise and success as a business man and financier. His ability, his thrift and his capacity for work when he achieved fame and distinction in the world of tobacco, cigar and

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Sarah Knox Taylor-Davis

By CLAIRE L. GUEYMARD

NO picture of Jefferson Davis and the life he lived is complete without reference to his first romance—perhaps Baton Rouge's greatest contribution to the love stories of the war-time South.

Davis' first wife was Sarah Knox Taylor, daughter of General Zachary Taylor, whose comfortable and refined home was located on the old university campus, along the extension of Lafayette street, a spot occupied by three former sorority houses belonging to Louisiana State University.

Legend has it that from this spot Davis stole his bride, riding away with her on a misty night, after the old general had forbidden his charming daughter to marry a military man.

Legend has drawn many wistful pictures about the spot—Jefferson Davis and his trusted negro servant galloping through the fog which hung over the river bank, drawing their horses up near the ghostly white walls of the pentagon, then the United States army barracks of which Taylor was commander, waiting cautiously and noiselessly until a window opened and the bride appeared ready for flight; and then galloping swiftly away into the night, the hearts of all three beating fast in fear of pursuit.

Exactly how true these legends are is unknown, for other writers choose to associate the delightful story of Jefferson Davis and his first bride less intimately with Baton Rouge and Louisiana.

One tradition has it that Davis became acquainted with the lovely Sarah Knox Taylor during his days at old Centenary College in Jackson. However, Miss Lois Simmons, in a paper read before the meeting of the Louisiana State Historical Society October 12, 1916, and now preserved in the records of the meeting, places the scene of their acquaintance at crude and strictly military Fort Crawford in Kentucky, where the general and president of later years was stationed for military duty at the time.

Her account has it that young Davis, starved and lonely for the life which he had left for that of the "fort", was completely charmed and fascinated by the sprightly and gracious young lady, reared among culture and refinement and in contact with the hardships of the life of the fort only when she chose to experience them as an adventure. Her school days were spent in the East, Miss Simmons states, and she spent little time with her mother, who is given credit for the founding of the first Episcopal Church here, then held in "B" building of the pentagon.

We know that she was called Knox rather than Sarah by her friends, that she was "extremely pretty, small, with black eyes, and had a great charm of manner, winning everyone that knew her" in the words of her friends. A cousin describes her as "very handsome, graceful as a nymph and the best dancer in Kentucky." From other sources we know she had great mental and moral courage, and that her strength of physique and character was considered "unbecoming" to a woman in those days.

The scene of the romance is given as not the garrison at Baton Rouge, but the one at Fort Crawford, by Miss Simmons. It is stated that he fell in love with Miss Knox "at first sight" when she sang for the assembled family group during his first call, and that thereafter he was her humble, but always devoted, lover. This account also says that considerable time passed between the beginning of the romance and the elopement, and that Davis asked General Taylor for the girl's hand, despite the fact that her parents had become alarmed at the friendship and discouraged it long before, forbidding their daughter to marry a military man. Davis was forbidden in the house, and the girl, with the strength of purpose which characterized her father's actions, continued to see him on afternoon walks at the homes of friends.

In 1833 Davis left Fort Crawford and joined a new dragoon regiment at Fort Gipson. This time "Knox" asked her father's permission to marry, and when General Taylor answered that he preferred to see his daughter dead, she went quietly ahead and made preparations, going to her aunt's home in Louisville for the ceremony.

Whether or not young Davis gallantly abducted her from her father's home in Fort Gipson and took her to Louisville, or whether she made all preparations and defied her parents' wishes herself and fled to her aunt is not stated in this account. However, the latter seems more in keeping with the rest of the story, as the wedding went off with full ceremony and according to custom, except for the absence of the bride's parents. The event was simple and impressive, it is stated, and everyone cried with the exception of Davis himself.

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Miss Amanda Galbraith Howell

The Outstanding Person of Shreveport

SEVERAL years ago one of the leading magazines of our country put out a questionaire as to who was the most widely known woman in the United States: Miss Jane Adams of Hull House, was the answer.

When the request came to me to furnish an authentic sketch of a widely known person in North Louisiana, I put my ear to the ground to listen—by adding, "The most deeply loved" to the description, I found that person to be Miss Amanda Galbraith Howell, one of the librarians of the C. E. Byrd High School in Shreveport.

Fifty years ago, that is on April 1, 1885, she was given a temporary place in the McCleary School to teach the First Grade—little frightened beginners around six years of age—for a teacher who was ill. From that time up to the present day, she has been constantly at her desk, except for three days about twenty-five years ago, when she had a very severe attack of neuritis in her arm.

From a little town on the border of the great free West to a city of 85,000 people, Miss Howell has ruled the destiny of the education (training mentally, morally and physically) of most of the people who have come and gone during these fifty years of sunshine and shadows; splendid health and frightful epidemics, prosperity and depression. Looking backward from the heights of her rule in one of the most complete high school plants in the South where 2000 young folks see her daily, she says. "God's in His heaven, All's right with the world!"

There were only two "free-schools", as the schools supported by the state were called in those days, and Miss Howell had to take a state examination before she was allowed to have a permanent position as a teacher. For her first examination she was given a third grade certificate. These state examinations were required each year.

Miss Howell had been reared in the plantation home of her parents sixteen miles from Shreveport, barely inside the Louisiana State Line. Her education had been carried on within her own home, mostly by her own father who had been a school teacher when he came, a young man, from South Carolina to Louisiana.

With the enormous step "Forward" (Shall we say?) of having a position that payed money (little enough goodness knows!) the world was before her! More and better education was her first ambition. This however would necessitate her leaving her home, her parents, sister, and three younger brothers and it would not be allowed!

New York Chatauqua was offering a four years' course in science, literature and art. That would answer her purpose for the present. The first State Normal School in Louisiana had been established in Natchitoches, seventy-five miles away just the year before. The Teachers Institute developed from the needs of the teachers in the public schools and the materials given by the faculty of the Normal and the parish superintendents. Miss Howell entered enthusiastically into the movement and grew with it.

Her class work was with fourth and fifth grade children next. This lasted for several years. The ladies who were inclined to literature, founded a study group known as Hypatia. Miss Howell was one of the leaders and guiding spirits. On Friday nights over a period of many years there was a group of men and women who met to study Shakespeare. She was a regular attendant, encouraging and helping the women over the mysteries of the great plays.

Then came a reward for service well done to the little children, the young men and women students and the grown-ups, Miss "Amanda" was made Principal of the largest Grammar School in the town, the old McCleary which had grown with giant strides.

The added dignity brought added responsibilities; still more education, wider experiences were her ambition. A summer spent out in the West was the great adventure of one year. Los Angeles papers spoke kindly of, "The golden haired beauty from Louisiana, Miss Amanda Howell of Shreveport." It had never occurred to the folk at home that she was anything other than their own red headed "Miss Amanda". They looked at her with new eyes to see what was different and only found her to be more kind and more approachable. Then came summers spent at Harvard for higher mathematics; at Columbia, for history and geography; Chicago University, for methods, measurements and management; and again Columbia for library work—always building.

In 1899 the first high school was built by volun-

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STRATFORD NEWS

The Robert E. Lee Memorial has begun an active campaign to raise funds to pay the final obligations on Stratford and plan to have the dedication on October 12th, 1935.

Committees have been formed in many States and Mr. Garland Powell Peed, Secretary of the Southern Society of New York, is cooperating with the Foundation in every possible way, he is active Chairman with Hon. George Gordon Battle of New York, Honorary Chairman of Sponsors for the Dedication of Stratford Hall.

The work of the the committee in Richmond, Virginia centered around Jan. 9, when News-Leader (Of which Dr. Douglas Freeman is Editor) opened it's columns to receive gifts, and wide publicity was given for a period of two days resulting in more than $2200.00 being raised.

An interesting feature which has been sponsored by the Richmond Committee for several years is the placing of a model of Stratford at Lee Monument into the chimneys of which the children put their gifts; members of the committee are on duty for many hours of the day ready to answer the questions concerning General Lee, his home the room in which he was born, "is the house going to fall down if it is not repaired, which of the eight chimneys does Santa Claus use," etc.

Exercises are held in the Collegiate school just one half block away, arranged by the pupils themselves, after which the school marches in a body to the monument. This year six other schools sent delegations and the John Marshall and Benedictine school bands give a program of music. The children are greatly interested in the little model and in the thought that their little gifts which this year amounted to about $60.00, help "to repair General Lee's home."

Through Mrs. Chas E. Bolling chairman committee cooperating with the U. D. C., it is reported that the restoration is almost complete in the room in which General Lee was born and the nursery adjoining, and that from the 1935 installment of money being given by the U. D. C. it will be possible to complete all needed work and to begin on the furnishing of the rooms.

Mrs. Franklin P. Canby has been appointed Chairman of the Lee-Stratford Committee, U. D. C. and is planning vigorous work in an effort to complete the $50,000 pledged as last payment on the purchase of Stratford. When this payment is called for it is the earnest wish of Mrs. Canby and of the President General, Mrs. Massey, that every Chapter will have been able to meet it's quota of A Dollar a Daughter, and thus have it's share in the honor of the dedication of this the greatest memorial to the Commander of the Confederacy, Robert Edward Lee, born January 19th, 1807, at Stratford Hall, which now is to be forever a national shrine.

Ordinance of Secession

During the winter of 1860 and 1861 which was a period of incessant excitement in Louisiana, organizations favorable and unfavorable to secession were formed. Meetings were held almost every night in one part of the state or other; and orators of distinction urged, or discouraged, the separatist movement. On December 10th, the Legislature convened in Baton Rouge, in extra session, to determine "at once" in Governor Wickliffe's energetic language—what course the State should follow. A bill suggested by the governor, calling a convention to make the fateful decision was passed.

The members of this body were elected on January 7, 1861, resulting in the selection of a delegation from New Orleans almost solidly in favor of secession. The vote in the State gave Southern Right's candidates a majority of a little less than 3000 over their "Co-operation" opponents. The action of the Convention was a foregone conclusion. Without waiting for the formal enactment of an ordinance of secession, the State Governor took action to possess itself of the military posts in Louisiana. The State was thus committed to secession before the convention met. When it assembled at Baton Rouge on January 23, it had merely to give legal form to a situation which, as a matter of fact already existed.

Three days after the Convention met the complete ordinance was passed by a vote of 113 yeas to 17 nays. Whereupon President Mouton issued the following proclamation:

"By virtue of the vote just announced I now declare the connection between the State of Louis-

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The Main Street of the South

ANNE V. MANN

LIVING MEMORIAL TO STONEWALL JACKSON

Though January 19 is known as Lee-Jackson-Maury Day in the South, the celebrations which took place on that day told in the main the story of the greatness of the South's loved chieftain, General Robert E. Lee. The other two heroes were not forgotten however, though the three natal days coming so close together, General Lee's in a sense overshadows that of the others.

But the doughty "Stonewall" was honored this year and honored in such a way that he will not be soon forgotten if there were ever any danger of this becoming true.

The spot of Chancellorsville battlefield where he fell mortally wounded, May, 1863, will become a wild flower preserve.

Flowers will be planted there from time to time in locations best suited to their growth and efforts will be made to have wild flowers native to the section which are in bloom throughout the year, a living memorial to the Christian Soldier, "Stonewell Jackson."

* * * *

NORTH CAROLINA GAINS ANOTHER HIGH HONOR

When it comes to making records, you just have to hand it to North Carolina, for more than often you will find it justifies its claims by standing at the top.

It often pits itself against other states in claims for honors, and if the truth be told it may almost as often be found in the winning column. But this time the state has a contest of its own concerning the championship for attendance at Sunday school. The Raleigh Observer carried not long ago, a story from High Point which says in part: "High Point, not Fayetteville or Raleigh" has the champion Sunday School attendant according to Liston Pope, director of religious education.

"High Point not Fayetteville or Raleigh has the championship Sunday school attendant." That honor goes to Mr. N. E. Alfred of High Point, who completed on December 31 a record of 53 years of perfect attendance at Sunday school eclipsing the record of James Vann of Fayetteville, by a mere 15 years, and still further surpassing the record of Edward F. Lewis, of Raleigh. Compared to him, Messrs Lewis and Vann are only beginning Sunday school. At about the time these gentlemen began their marathon Mr. Alfred was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school in High Point. Since 1881 he has answered present at some Sunday School every Sunday morning, a grand total of 2,757 consecutive times. Mr. Alfred stands at the door of men's class each Sunday morning to greet his fellow members.

"Some 20 years ago, according to the story, the High Point champion toured Europe, but found it possible to attend Sunday school every Sunday. Recently he was knocked down by an automobile and was taken to a hospital with painful injuries, but Sunday morning found him at his post of duty.

Mr. Alfred is 79 years old but he gives promise of adding more years to his record for perfect attendance at Sunday School.

* * * *

COLLECTION OF DOLLS FROM ALL OVER WORLD

Dolls never lose their fascination for womankind, and most every woman is interested not only in the evolution of dolls from her day to the present day, but is interested in all sorts and kinds of things concerning "Dollology" So it was I read with interest the story of the collection of dolls in Kinston North Carolina which came to me from an article in the Raleigh News and Observer.--Pocahontas Whitaker, small daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Paul Whitaker of North Kingston, owns dolls from all parts of the world. She doesn't play with them. They stand on shelves, dressed in the national costumes of the countries from which they came. There are scores of them. They are from Germany, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Australia, China, Japan and many other lands. An aunt who toured Europe collected dolls for 'Hontas wherever she went, while two uncles living in the Orient sent contributions from Asia and the Antipodes. Some of the dolls are quite expensive.

Historical Highlights

By MRS. JOHN HUSKE ANDERSON

(In this monthly column are gathered a few facts that may be passed on to our children, who know little of the South's leadership in the present text books).

Firsts in Education

Education was a strong force in the development of the South's civilization, beginning with its colonization.

The following facts may be of interest, summarizing early education. As we stated in our February Column, Henrico College, Virginia, founded in 1619, was the first educational institution of America. Though its purposes to christianize the Indians it was destroyed in 1622, in an Indian Massacre and was never rebuilt. A Church of England clergyman, Dr. Hargrave, endowed Henrico College with ten thousand acres of land, also giving to it his library. This contained as many books as were first given to Harvard University by its Founder.

William and Mary College, at Willamsburg, Va. second to Harvard, (chartered in 1693), was the first college to introduce teaching by lectures, to have chairs of municipal law, of modern languages (in 1779) of political science, of history and was first to introduce the system of elective study. Here George Washington was commissioned a Surveyor, later serving as Honorary Chancellor, succeeding the Bishop of London in that capacity.

North Carolina was the first state to incorporate into its Constitution provision for a State University. This institution was chartered in 1789, corner stone laid in 1793, and opened in 1795. At Chapel Hill, therefore stands the oldest building of the oldest State University in America. The Georgia Assembly in 1785 had chartered its University, but it was not until after 1800 that it was built and opened.

The first agricultural school in America, pioneer of Industrial Education, was at Abbeville, S. C. In 1796 Dr. John Dela Howe left funds providing for this Institution.

Franklin College, near Nashville Tenn, (1844) was the first to teach the improvement of the soil, cultivation of grain and livestock with a physical department attached.

As early as 1804 a Medical College was established in Baltimore, this city also claiming the first dental college (1840).

Education for Women also has its "firsts" in the South. In 1791 in the Moravian town of Salem, N. C. there was a school for girls, probably the second in America (first being in Bethelehem, Penn). In 1811 Salem was incorporated as a boarding school for girls. We know of no other at this time. Elizabeth College at Washington, Miss., was established in 1821, first to include higher branches for women.

Wesleyan college at Macon Ga, was the first to confer the A. B. degree on women. It was chartered in 1836, in 1840 presenting a degree of A. B.

Free Schools

Embraced in the plan of Henrico College, Va., was the first free school, at City Point, May. 1621. This however, like the College, was not permanent. The first permanent free school was founded by Benjamin Symes of Elizabeth County, Va, about 1624. He gave 200 acres of land on Poquoson River, also giving "the milk and increase of eight cows for the maintenance of a learned, honest man to keep up on this property a free school". (Quoting from Mrs. F. E. Selphs, South in American life"). In South Carolina and Georgia free schools were begun in 1710 and 1764. A legacy was left in 1755 by Capt. James Innes of Wilmington, N. C. for a free school. Also in North Carolina, in 1767, was established by Rev. David Caldwell, (Presbyterian minister,) a free school and theological seminary.

Thomas Jefferson was the first to introduce into a State Assembly a bill for establishing free schools by any State.

So from the above facts we see that there was no lack of educational institutions in the early South, and that in many ways it led the Country in advanced teaching.

The South as Builders and Leaders

First to explore the Chesapeake Bay and the New England Coast was John Smith, of the Jamestown Va., Colony in 1614. First to explore the middle West and the great Northwest, were men from the South, George Rogers Clark, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. George Washington was a pioneer in exploring the Alleghany Mountains. First to explore the oceans paths as Matthew Fontaine Maury of Virginia.

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Children of The Confederacy

Mrs. FRANK M. DENNIS, Eatonton, Ga.
Third Vice President General, U. D. C.

LOUISIANA'S PART IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

ON January 27, 1861 the union of Louisiana with the other states was dissolved. When this was done the leaders had planned to set up Louisiana as an independent nation. A new flag flew over the State House around six weeks. Louisiana then joined the union known as the Confederate States of America.

Louisiana sent more than her quota of troops to General Lee's army of Virginia, where the early fighting occurred. In the first battle of Manassas the Louisiana Tigers made themselves famous. She also furnished four very able generals, namely, Beauregard, Bragg, Polk and Taylor.

She furnished two important civil officers to the Confederate government. These were Judah P. Benjamin and John Slidel. Judah P. Benjamin was called the "Brains of the Confederacy." He held at different times three important positions in the cabinet of President Davis. John Slidell rendered a great service to the Confederate cause by gaining the sympathy of France for the South.

Louisiana was so far from the scene of conflict that little attention was given to its defenses against invasion, and without very much consideration her troops marched to the battle fields elsewhere.

New Orleans being one of the largest cities in the South, was of course coveted by the North who immediately planned for its capture. Flag Officer Admiral David G. Farragut was selected for the all important task. In April 1862, he steamed up the river with forty three ships. Forts Jackson and St. Philip, below the city blocked his way. After several days of bombardment Farragut passed the forts, and within a few days New Orleans was taken. When the news reached New Orleans that the Federals were coming all war materials were destroyed.

General Butler was put in charge of New Orleans where he ruled like a czar. His treatment of the people was so harsh that he was hated throughout the South, and was severely critisized in the North.

From New Orleans, Farragut moved on up the Mississippi River to capture forts including Baton Rouge, the capital. In time this was accomplished, and with the fall of Vicksburg in July of 1863, the "Father of Waters" was under Union control. This was a great blow to the Confederacy since the East was separated from the West.

Most of Louisiana west of the Mississippi was still held by General "Dick" Taylor. Even though his troops were many times outnumbered by the Federals, he prevented the Union armies from ever going very far west of the Mississippi.

In 1864 the battles at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill were fought. After these battles there was practically no other fighting in Louisiana, even though they did not lay down arms until after General Lee had surrendered in Virginia on April 9th, 1865.

The work of Henry W. Allen, who was Governor of Louisiana during the last days of the war, should not be forgotten. He gave new courage and hope to the people of Louisiana. He did as much or more than any other individual to relieve the suffering and distress among the people. He furnished medicine, food and clothing to destitute families of soldiers.

The end of the war did not at once bring peace and prosperity to the South, and more especially to Louisiana. A group of northern adventurers flocked to the South, especially New Orleans, to take advantage of the confusion and turmoil to carry their plans for growing rich. These people came to be known as "carpet baggers". They very soon over-ran the state, by deluding the negro, easily got in control of the affairs of the state. With the aid of Federal troops they managed to keep the state under their control for the eight years following the war. Such organizations as the Knights of the White Camelia, Ku Klux Klan and the great White League did much to free the state of the Carpet Baggers and their lawlessness. Congress finally sent a committee to Louisiana to investigate conditions.

This committee found that all the people wanted was a government of the white people, with honest and fair elections. President Hayes, in April 1877, withdrew Federal Troops and the "Carpet Baggers" government fell to pieces.

Realizing that at some time in the near future, the work of the Daughters would be put into the hands of the Children, Miss Doriska Gautreaux, president of the Louisiana Division, requested all chapters in the state to organize bands of children, known as "Children of the Confederacy." She realized that it was time to sow that the harvest might be rich.

So, in the spring of 1915,, three bands were formed in New Orleans: The Fitzhugh Lee, the New Orleans and the Stonewall Jackson.

There was also a band in Baton Rouge and one in Shreveport, known as the "Children of Dixie."

Later there was a band or chapter organized in Natchitoches and another in New Orleans, the latter known as the "Mary H. Harrison."

These chapters were very active, and following the example of their mother chapter, they did every thing possible for the veterans in those towns where bands had been organized. Entertainments of all sorts were planned and carried out. Particularly at Christmas and at Easter were their activities at their height. Then the terrible World War broke out, and every child did his part. The girls knitted and bought War Savings Stamps and the boys helped to sell Liberty bonds.

Benefits were given and money raised to contribute to the fund for beds in France.

Then everything being in such turmoil, the Children of the Confederacy ceased to function to any extent. Mrs. L. U. Babin, the first state director of the C. of C., made an earnest appeal to the chapters to reorganize, but it was not until the administration of Mrs. F. C. Kolman that any progress in this direction was made. Mrs. J. J. Ritayik became C. of C. director of the division, and kept alive the New Orleans Band, which later became the Beauregard Chapter. During her term as director, Mrs. Ritayik re-organized the Stonewall Jackson Band later called the Julia Jackson Chapter. Mrs. Waverly Greathouse became leader of this chapter, and did excellent work during its re-organization, and remained at the head of this group of children for many years until succeeded by Miss Florence Lavelle, present wonderful leader and inspiration to her band. Miss Florence Terrell was the first president of the chapter.

Now, in 1823-24 we find these four chapters organized and registered in General Organization. Beauregard Chapter No. 1 Magnolia Chapter No. 2, Tangipahoa, John McGrath Chapter No 3, Baton Rouge, and Julia Jackson Chapter No. 4 New Orleans.

Under the next State C. of C. director, Mrs. H. W. Echardt, a considerable increase in the number of members is noted, and two more chapters, the Mary H. Harrison and the Robt. E. Lee Chapter of Bunkie, are registered.

Enthusiasm prevails and donations are being made to all funds. A generous donation from the children at this time, was one of thirty dollars to the Father Ryan Memorial Window at Mobile, Alabama.

Next Director Mrs. Ament reports the registration of Leesville Chapter. At this time, a flower bed in the Mansfield Battle Park is planted as a memorial from the C. of C. Those chapters planting memorial trees are the Beauregard, Julia Jackson, Leesville, Robert E. Lee, and the Mansfield Chapters.

It was this time that the Julia Jackson Chapter of New Orleans climaxed a year's activities by placing a bronze tablet measuring two by three feet on the Lee Monument. Up to this time there had been no inscription of any kind on the monument of our beloved chieftain. The inscription reads:

"Robert E. Lee
1807—Commander-in-Chief—1870
1861—Confederate States of America—1865
Julia Jackson Chapter No. 4, Children of the Confederacy"

The chapter also gave during 1929-30, four prizes for essays. The value of these prizes was nine dollars. The annual luncheons of this chapter are an innovation. At one of these affairs the children had as their guests, the then president-general, Mrs. Bashinsky, and the third vice-president-general, Mrs. Wilcox. It was at this luncheon that the children pledged a donation to the Winnie Davis Scholarship Fund. The pledge has been paid. This chapter has given two Confederate flags to schools, and won a set of books from the General Organization for sending in the most subscriptions to the Veteran Magazine.

All the chapters in the state have been chartered, and all have contributed to the Raines Memorial Scholarship Fund, and to the Winnie Davis Scholarship Fund.

In 1931 the Shreveport Chapter C. of C. was chartered, and its members immediately became active by decorating the graves of Confederate dead and assisting the American Legion on "Poppy Day".

Mrs. Laura Edwards, the state director in 1930-31-32-33-34, worked very hard, and succeeded in getting chapters chartered.

In 1933 Mrs. Edwards succeeded in having a state convention for the C. of C. of Louisiana. This convention was a marvelous success. Just before the convention a Children's Chapter was organized in Lake Charles, the Winnie Davis Chapter.

The John McGrath Chapter in Baton Rouge is very active and is putting forth all of its energy

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The Scrap-Book

By MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY

The following account of the election and notification of same of the president and Vice President of the Confederate States in taken from Richardson's Compilation of the Messages and papers of the Confederacy.

Provisional Congress
First Session

Assembled at Montgomery Alabama, February 4th. 1861. Adjourned March 16, 1861, to meet second Monday in May.

Election of President and Vice President for Provisional Government.

Saturday, February 9, 1861
Open Session

Congress met pursuant to adjournment.

An appropriate prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Basil Manly.

The chair announced that the first business in order was the administration of the oath to the deputies to support the constitution of the Provisional Government.

Whereupon Judge Richard W. Walker, of the supreme court of the State of Alabama, administered the oath to the president, and the President administered the oath to the members of Congress.

The oath thus taken was as follows:

> You do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution for the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America, so help you God.

At the suggestion of Mr. Memminger, while the oath was being administered all the members stood upon their feet.

* * * *

The Congress then proceeded to the election of a President and a Vice-President for the Provisional Government.

Mr. Curry moved that two tellers be appointed to conduct said election, which was agreed to.

Whereupon the President appointed Mr. Curry and Mr. Miles, as tellers.

The vote being taken by state for President, the Hon. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, received all the votes cast, being six and was duly declared unanimously elected President of the Provisional Government.

On motion of Mr. Toombs a committee of three was appointed to inform Mr. Davis of his election.

Whereupon the president appointed Mr. Toombs, Mr. Rhett, and Mr. Morton.

The vote was then taken by states for Vice President, and the Hon Alexander Hamilton Stephens, of Georgia, received all the votes cast, being six, and he was duly declared unanimously elected Vice President of the Provisional Government.

Mr. Perkins moved that a committee of three be appointed to inform Mr. Stephens of his election, which was agreed to.

And the President appointed Mr. Perkins, Mr. Harris, Mr. Shorter.

Congress then adjourned till Monday next at 11 o'clock.

Notification of Election to President and Vice President.

Montgomery, Ala, February 9, 1861

Hon. Jefferson Davis, Jackson,

Sir: We are directed to inform you that you were this day unanimously elected President of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America and to request you to come to Montgomery immediately. We send also a special messenger. Do not wait for him.

R. Toombs
R. Barnwell Rhett,
Jackson Morton.

Montgomery. Ala., February 9, 1861

Hon Alexander H. Stephens

Sir: The Congress for Provisional Government for the Confederate States of America have this day unanimously elected you to the office of Vice-President of the Confederate States, and we have been appointed to communicate the fact, and to respectfully invite your acceptance. In performing this pleasing duty, allow us to express the hope that you will accept, and we beg to suggest that it would be most agreeable to the body we represent, as you are a member of the Congress, that you should signify to it in person your consent to serve the country in the high position to which you have been called.

We have the honor to be very respectfully yours,

John Perkins
W. P. Harris
Jno Gill Shorter

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The New York Southern Society

Its Achievements and Awards

IN the words of its Constitution, the object of the New York Southern Society is "to cherish and perpetuate the memories and traditions of the Southern people and to promote friendly relations among Southern men resident or temporarily sojourning in New York City.

The Society will not trench upon the domain of controversial history, but devote itself to the commemoration of Southern social life, manners and character. The Society will gather all existing books and writings illustrative of Southern life; will endeavor to induce and encourage those peculiarly cognizant of Southern customs to commit their knowledge to writing; will honor and promote authors who have written or shall write upon these subjects and will undertake to fix and set forth the influence of the Southern element in the development of the national character.

The Society will proffer sympathy and a helping hand to deserving cases of misfortune or distress among its membership."

Carrying on the traditions of the South, though far beyond the Mason and Dixon line, the Southern Society of New York City, has become a potent force in this great metropolis.

One has only to attend their Dinner-Dances in the ball room of Waldorf Astoria hotel, to see the number of high typed men from every Southern State who compose the membership of this organization. And too, the wives add brilliance and beauty to a very attractive gathering of Southerners. Many members only see each other at these dinners of the Southern Society, but through such a contact they cement the bonds that bind them to their Southland.

And too, a visitor feels justly proud of the place these men of Dixie-land have taken in the life of New York, in business, professional, literary and educational circles.

By this Society is being held high the torch of Southern history, the members believing that the South's glory in the past should stimulate them to greater national greatness today.

Housed in very attractive rooms at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, is the Library and the office of the New York Southern Society, where the active Sec. or Hostess, Mary Jane Gwinner, gives a cordial welcome to the visitor. While the present president, Eugene W. Stetson, (of Georgia) extends through mail and his addresses an invitation to the Headquarters, the Secretary Treasurer, Garland Powell Peed (of Virginia) gives more of his time toward greeting the visitors who frequently visit the beautiful rooms. Furnished with taste, this place has the atmosphere reminiscent of the old South, its walls adorned with portraits of southern leaders, (and twelve presidents of United States) each State being represented by their flags, etc. These rooms have become the meeting place of various societies of the South, and Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Library totals now 1200 books, a very complete southern historical collection. The Society has distributed over 7500 historical booklets, maps etc. Nearly 2000 copies of the book, "Lee, the final Achievement" by Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines (which the Society publishes and distributes) have been placed throughout the United States and in Europe. The net proceeds of this book have been given to the Robt. E. Lee Memorial Foundation and many copies given to the Library of Stratford Hall, birthplace of Gen. Lee. Secretary Garland P. Peed is now engaged in underwriting a fund for the Lee Memorial Foundation, and his enthusiastic work is sure to put it over. The Society is most fortunate in its selecton for past four years of ite Sec.-Treas., for Mr. Peed in indefatigable in everything he undertakes, giving freely of his services without remuneration, as to do the other officers of the organization. In addition to the dinner dances several times during the year, tea dances are held to bring together the younger generation of Southerners. The Historical Afternoons have proved of great interest to the members. In fact there have been many compliments regarding the social activities of the Society.

Two outstanding features of the organization is the awarding of the Medals of Distinction and the Parchments of Distinction. Only twice have the medals been given (and these only to members of the Society)—to Mr. Garland Powell Peed and to Hon. Hugh Gordon Miller. Nine Parchments have been given, among the recipients being Dr. Douglas S. Freeman (lately Lee Biographer).

Last year, the President-General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was a recipient, this being Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler of N. Y. At the recent Dixie dinner this organization was given this honor, this year Mrs. Charles Lanier of Greenich Conn. for the R. E. Lee Memorial Foundation, and to the retiring Historian General, U. D. C. Mrs. John Huske Anderson of Raleigh N. C. Parchments are presented annually to those persons "who have contributed unusual achievements in the perpetuation of the history and traditions of the South". In this way the Society is joining hands with a sister organization, in a very complimentary way.

Of long standing has been the Algernon Sydney Sullivan Award, (in memory of the distinguished founder of the Southern Society). This award is in the form of a Plaque given to eighteen southern colleges to the student in each which has shown during the year the finest qualities of leadership. The importance of the Sullivan Award is growing.

The Society has inaugurated a series of radio broadcasts, short talks on the lives of outstanding Southerners, being given by prominent members of the organization.

The Relief Fund has naturally had to function in a larger way then ever during the past three years. This Fund has made it possible for hundreds of young men and women to return to their former homes in the South, as well as assisting the Southern needy in New York City. This has been one of the finest activities of the Society. Never before has such publicity been given to the Southern Society of New York, and the public is knowing that this is a real Institution, functioning in all its objectives as

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WITH THE DIVISIONS

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION—

The general prize offered by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, of Macon, Ga., for the best publicity of any state to advance the name of Sidney Lanier for the Hall of Fame was won by the South Carolina division.

All of the publicity from the Palmetto State was placed in a scrap book by the state publicity chairman, Miss Margaret Rouquie, of Georgetown, and forwarded to Mrs. Lamar, who is the general chairman of the Lanier committee.

The following members of the South Carolina Division comprise the state "Committee to Advance the name of Sidney Lanier for the Hall of Fame, New York University." South Carolina: Miss Margaret B. Rouquie, Georgetown, Chairman; Miss Marion Salley, Orangeburg, Edisto District; Mrs. A. L. Harper Florence, Pee Dee District; Mrs. C. C. Clinkscales, Greenville, Piedmont District; Mrs. J. E. Bruce, Winnsboro, Ridge District. This fine committee is doing excellent work.

Greenville Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy sponsored a Lanier program over radio station WFBC on Saturday, October 20, from 7:45 to 8 o'clock. Mendal S. Fletcher head of the English Department of Parker School, Greenville, was the principal speaker on the program. Mrs. Wm. F. Barton sang "Into the Woods My Master Went." A setting of one of Lanier's loveliest poems. Mrs. C. C. Clinkscales, President of the Greenville Chapter, represents Piedmont District on the South Carolina "Committee to Advance the Name of Sidney Lanier for the Hall of Fame."

Mrs. Clinkscales has written a poem on Lanier which has been published in the Greenville News, and at the annual meeting of the Hampton Lee Chapter, Greer, S. C., she delivered a splendid address on Lanier. Besides this work she has written several newspaper articles and interested the teachers in the public schools in our great objective. We thank Mrs. Clinkscales for her outstanding work on our behalf.

We are also indebted to Mrs. A. L. Harper, Pee Dee District Chairman on the Lanier Committee for her untiring efforts to promote the plans devised by the General Committee to advance the name of Lanier for the Hall of Fame. Under her able leadership the three U. D. C. chapters of Florence arranged a beautiful program over radio on Oct. 12th. In the absence of the State Chairman Miss Margaret Rouquie, Mrs. Harper delivered her inspiring message.

The radio program over WBT, Charlotte was a great success according to reports from those who listened in. Their voices were as clear as bells adding much to the real beauty of the program, and they had the pleasure of receiving high praise from the management of the radio station.

The program consisted of four numbers. Mrs. Harper, who was introduced by Clair Shadwell of WBT staff, spoke briefly telling of the object of the program and announced the numbers. Mrs. Mason Brunson gave a musical reading of "Sunset" in her own attractive manner to a soft accompaniment played by Mrs. M. R. Mobley.

An informative "questionnaire" was then presented by Mrs. Ida Singletary Brunson, President of the Ellison Capers Chapter, and Mrs. J. R. Shipman, President of Maxcy Gregg Chapter, Florence, which was very interesting and closing the program Mrs. Ben Gregg sang "Ballad of Trees and the Master", accompanied by Mrs. Mobley at the piano.

The ladies were accompanied to Charlotte by Mrs. F. H. Barnwell and Mrs. B. A. Robeson. They had a fine trip and had the pleasure of hearing the Tennessee Rangers give their radio program.

Miss Margaret B. Rouquie,
Director of Publicity
Georgetown, S. C.

* * * *

CALIFORNIA—

The Robert E. Lee Chapter of Los Angles, California, entertained the Division President Mrs. Frank Shackleford Boggs with a tea at their regular meeting. Mrs. Nellie C. Cloes President, presiding. Almost a full membership of the Chapter was present and in addition was a number of Division officers and other Chapter Presidents. Mrs.

MRS. JOHN A. FULNER, New Orleans
President Louisiana U. D. C.

Boggs gave us some valuable information about the National Convention in New York and of her delightful stay in that city the first Convention in the North. Mrs. Crissie Pointer Leigh, our Division Historian followed with some of the impressive Historical events for coming year. By this time we were all inspired for renewed and greater work for 1935. Our Hostess Mrs. Helena Thorpe Riche as was assisted by her two daughters Mrs. Chester Bauman and Mrs. Howard Liner. At the close of the meeting everyone had become acquainted with everyone else. It was a delightful gathering and was climaxed by the serving of refreshments.

* * * *

ARKANSAS—

Robert E. Lee's birthday was observed by the Henry G. Bunn Chapter of El Dorado with addresses made in each of the six schools in our city, on The life of Robert E. Lee. At a special meeting of the chapter at the home of Mrs. Lena Goodwin a cross of Military Service was bestowed on Maynard H. Simmons, a world War Veteran, who served in the First Air Service, Mechanic's Regiment assigned to the French Army and in defense of Paris. Mr. Simmons was among the first to enlist from this county and one of the last to return home. In his speech of acceptance he paid tribute to his father, Lieut. W. G. Simmons who served in Gen. Dockery's Reg. and who lost a leg in the battle of Corinth, Miss.

The Chapter president presided over the meeting and introduced the Division Recorder of Crosses who made an address on the Crosses of Honor and Crosses of Military Service which are bestowed on worthy veterans by the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the significance of each emblem of award when the Candidate had been presented by the Chapter Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Louis Martin, and the President pinned the award on the lapel of Mr. Simmon's (the candidate) coat. The president made a short address and congratulated Mr. Simmons.

Mrs. J. F. TERRELL, New Orleans
Historian, Louisiana Div. U. D. C.

A song America was sung. Then Mrs. Mason Moore had charge of the remainder of the program, she introduced Mrs. M. P. Mathaney who spoke on The battle ship Arkansas of the Confederate Navy.

Tea was served to approximately sixty five members and guests.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—

The Hiliary A. Herbert Chapter entertained with a card party on Feb. 13. Mrs. William J. McGee, 1810 Lamont St. opened her attractive home for this affair.

LILITA LEVER YOUNGE
Poet Laureate, Louisiana Div. U. D. C.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C. received an oil painting of General Lee, recently completed by Albert Fawcett Duggan. Mr. Duggan made the presentation at the Confederate Hall, 1322 Vermont Ave. Representative Josh Lee of Oklahoma gave the acceptance speech, after which there was a musical program and a business meeting.

The Children of the Confederacy had a meeting February 23, under the direction of their leader, Mrs. Cora B. Talley. These educational and entertaining C. of C. meetings are held at the Confederate Memorial Hall, 1322 Vermont Ave., the last Saturday of each month at 2 P. M.

The Richard Stoddard Ewell Chapter, U. D. C. of which Mrs. Rosa Lee Wood is President, gave a card party at the Confederate Memorial Hall on Friday evening, March 2. There was a very large attendance.

The annual "Commander's Ball" is being given at the Willard Hotel on Thursday evening, March 7. A large number of prominent Washingtonians and Congressmen and their wives are patrons and patronesses for this brilliant affair, which is given annually by the Sons of the Confederacy, assisted by the Daughters.

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Walt Whitman in New Orleans

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in the Northwest. We expected to get to Buffalo by to-morrow. The tug has fastened lines to us, but some have been snapped and the others have no effect. We seem to be firmly imbedded in the sand. (With the exception of a larger boat and better accommodations, it amounts to about the same thing as a becalmment I underwent on the Montauk voyage, East Long Island, last summer.) Later—We are off again—expect to reach Detroit before dinner.

We did not stop at Detroit. We are now on Lake Erie, jogging along at a good round pace. A couple hours since we were on the river above. Detroit seemed to me a pretty place and thrifty. I especially liked the looks of the Canadian shore opposite and the little village of Windsor, and, indeed all along the banks of the river. From the shrubbery and the neat appearance of some of the cottages, I think it must have been settled by the French. While I now write we can see a little distance ahead the scene of the battle between Peery's fleet and the British during the last war with England. The lake looks to me a fine sheet of water. We are having a beautiful day.

June 12—We stopped last evening at Cleveland, and though it was dark, I took the opportunity of rambling about the place; went up in the heart of the city and back to what appeared to be the courthouse. The streets are unusually wide, and the buildings appeared to be substantial and comfortable. We went down through Main street and found some distance along, several squares of ground very prettily planted with flowers and and looking attractive enough. Returned to the boat by way of the lighthouse on the hill.

This morning we are making for Buffalo, being, I imagine, a little more than half across Lake Erie. The water is rougher than in Michigan or Huron. (On St. Clair it was smooth as glass.) The day is bright and dry, with a stiff head wind.

We arrived in Buffalo on Monday evening; spent that night and a portion of the next day going round the city exploring. Then got in the cars and went to Niagria; went under the falls, saw the whirlpool and all the other sights.

Tuesday night started for Albany; traveled all night. From the time daylight afforded us a view of the country, all seemed very rich and well cultivated. Every few miles were large towns or villages.

Wednesday late we arrived at Albany, spent the evening in exploring. There was a political meeting (Hunker) at the capitol, but I passed it by. Next morning I started down the Hudson in the Alida; arrived safely in New York that evening.

A Trip Through the "Vieux Carre"

Continued from page 17

come quite a custom to go to the French Market for "Coffee and Dough-Nuts", on the way home from entertainments of all kinds. After the Carnival Balls, one may see the ladies in their beautiful evening gowns accompanied by their escorts, seated at the counter.

Down Decatur Street at Esplanade Ave. is the old United States Mint Building, built on the site of Ft. St. Carlos, at a cost of $327,548.55 and capable of turning out $5,000,000.00 a month. In 1814 General Jackson reviewed the troops from the ramparts of Fort St. Carlos. On June 7, 1862, William Mumford was hanged from a wooden beam temporarily adjusted between the two central columns of the front porch by order of General Benjamin F. Butler for tearing down the Federal Flag from the building, when the United States Army took possession of the city, and hoisted the Confederate Flag in its place. Strapped astride his casket he was driven about the city for several hours before he was hung. His poor mother's mind was affected by this uncalled for act.

At Canal and Decatur Streets is the Custom House which occupies the former site of Ft. St. Louis, destroyed during the American Domination. Present building started in 1848 with P. G. T. Beauregard as Supt. who was major of engineers. Corner stone laid by Henry Clay in 1848. Approximate cost was $4,000,000.00. The entrance hall is of white marble and the "Marble Hall" on the second floor is said to be the finest business room in the world. Fourteen Corinthian, marble columns 41 feet high costing $23,000.00, each are in this room.

At Canal Street and the river we see a small granite shaft. This is known as "Liberty Monument" and it was here on September 14, 1874 that a battle was fought between armed citizens known as the White League, against the Metropolitan Police, (colored). Louisiana at this time was in the hands of what was known as the "Carpet Baggers" and "scalawags". These unscrupulous politicans had made things unbearable and when the seat of Government was stolen by Kellog who had as his Lieutenant Governor, Caesar Antoine, a negro, things reached such a stage that the gentlemen of the city took matters in their own hands. On the occasion of this fight the White League lost 16 men and it is in their honor that this shaft was erected.

Mardi Gras

Continued from page 6

clubs which were his predecessors, and the entire celebration is an inheritance, in-born, spontaneous, and never to be lived down.

They like it, the old dodderers. Some come back from New York or Philadelphia each year to hide their faces and have fun. One lives in San Francisco, and never misses it. One has made the trip from South America to New Orleans for three years past, just for this date. Just for Mardi-Gras. Oh, no, of course not—just happened to be coming, but they'd commit blasphemy all over town if they were left out of their super-royal costume and their numbered place on a float.

Personality Sketches

Continued from page 34

cigarette industries and his later career as a competent banker and as the head of one of the greatest financial institutions of the south present to the minds of my readers. I allude to-day to the public benefactor, to the man who left a fortune to Tulane University and other educational institutions and who thereby showed himself to be a friend of education and of the mental and moral training of future generations. My thoughts turn to the man, who though a Protestant and of Scotch Irish ancestry, gave one hundred thousand dollars to repair and renovate the St. Louis Cathedral, which had been closed for some time because of its condition, and who thereby initiated the movement which caused the good people of New Orleans to take a widespread interest in a section of the city which would have eventually lost all of its color, its charm and its ancient atmosphere had it not been for William Ratcliffe Irby and his many donations and wise purchases of buildings in the Vieux Carre. The Morphy House, a veritable gem of Vieux Carre architecture was bought and saved by him as well as the classical and harmoniously fronted structure on Royal Street, in which he selected his apartment and which housed for so many years the Arts and Crafts Club. Irby's example was followed by other rich fellow Americans who decided that a home in the Vieux Carre had greater appeal and more historic significance than one on St. Charles Avenue or on Versailles Boulevard. For a time an exodus was created from the uptown to the downtown section of this city. Thanks to the splendid example set by William Ratcliffe Irby. The "Vieux Carre" to-day has many a residence whose architectural splendor and ancient history would have disappeared completely under stress of time and man if the noble minded citizen whom I hail as the "savior of the Vieux Carre" had not felt that New Orleans would have been dealt an irreparable blow through the loss and disappearance of that section of the city where Bienville and his followers laid the foundation of the present proud and ever spreading metropolis. All hail to William Ratcliffe Irby. He is gone and many have even forgotton him. He has no monument in bronze or stone, but the Morphy House, the Brulatour Mansion, the Cathedral and other buildings in the Vieux Carre bear eloquent testimony to-day, in their preservation and architectural dignity, to the high mindedness and the great civic spirit of the one who felt that they were priceless jewels in the crown that sets so becomingly upon the brow of the "Queen of the South". Unsung and not much in print, but dear to the heart of every true Louisianian, is William Ratcliffe Irby.

Judah P. Benjamin

Continued from page 27

so crowded with activity and exciting experience to wear out any man. He wrote there his Treaties on the Law of Sale of Personal Property, with Reference to the American Decisions, to the French Code and Civil Law which became a legal classic on both sides of the Atlantic. His income from his law practice was for some years as high as 15,000 pounds annually, which was much rarer then than it is now. In 1827 he received a "patent of precedence", which gave him rank above all the Queen's Counsels. About 1877 he began to build a new house on Avenue d'Jena (No. 41), in Paris, in which city his wife and only child continued to reside, even after he settled in England. A bad accident caused by an attempt to jump off a tram-car, in 1880, left him a sick man for the rest of his life. Diabetes developed, and in February, 1883, he was forced to announce his retirement from the English Bar. After a notable banquet given in his honor by the Bench and Bar, the first of its kind in England, he retired to his mansion in Paris, where he died May 6, 1884, about seventy-three years old. He was buried according to the rites of the Catholic Church, although it is not believed that he was converted to Christianity. His wife survived him seven years. His only daughter, Ninette, who married Captain Henri de Bousignac, of the French army, died without issue in 1898.

Note:—We are indebted for the material for most of this article to History of the Jews in America, by Peter Yiernik, but have omitted quotations in many instances, because the author himself had quoted largely from various authorities in his work.

D. L. W.

Miss Amanda Galbraith Howell

Continued from page 36

tary five mill taxation of the citizens of Shreveport. At the laying of the corner stone, the speaker for the occasion payed a glowing tribute to Miss Amanda Howell, the Dean of the teachers of the city.

The children of her first pupils began to attend the Central High School and she was its Principal many years. Gradually the town outgrew the capacity of the first building and two high schools were built. The C. E. Byrd Hi. which cost $1,000,000 and is one of the most complete school plants in the country is operated by seventy teachers and attended by 2000 students. It is the pride and delight of the woman who has seen it grow from a veritable "Mustard seed" to the most splendid tree of learning in North Louisiana. She has been since the beginning and still is librarian in this large institution. It takes two strong men (physically and mentally) to hold together the school that she has built almost with her own hands.

Miss Howell became a member of the First Methodist Church in 1874, during sixty-one years she has been an active member; for thirty-five years she taught in the Sunday School. No other person in the entire city has a record for such faithful service. She is the senior member of the entire congregation. She has helped the church to out-grow three buildings. The first was a small wooden building which filled the needs of the followers of John Wesley who came here from the Carolinas and Virginia in the early days. The last, the present church is one of the largest in the South and the most beautiful in Shreveport. If the city were considered a huge hand with the older streets, Market, Marshall, Louisiana, Texas and Sprague as the fingers the First Methodist Church maybe said to be the jewel held in the palm.

Is it possible to estimate the worth of a citizen of the type of Miss Howell? Would it be possible to count the finger tips she had touched, the words of encouragement, comfort, and solace she has spoken to the children who have passed under her influence during the fifty years, nine school months each with twenty days to each month?

Preachers, doctors, laymen, governors, mayors, councilmen, politicians have come, played their parts good and bad on the stage of life and passed on. Has anyone of them done more to build worthily in our midst than our own Miss Amanda Howell?

In the old town of Chester South Carolina on the 1st, of April, 1860, a little girl was born to Zachariah Jordan Howell and his first wife, Amanda Galbraith Howell, An older sister was there to welcome her. These two little girls were descended from parents of the sturdy pioneers, Nordic peoples who came from the British Isles and helped to make the United States. Both Zack Howell and his older brother, William Christie Howell served in the War Between the States. The older went from the town of Montecello, Ark. and the younger joined the Caddo Guards, of which he became 1st Lieutenant of company A. Miss Howell became a member of the Shreveport Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in 1899 and has been a consistant member ever since. She joined the Pelican Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1909, through the service of John Cooper and Robert Davidson, both of North Carolina, who were the ancestors of her mother. These lines, through the Carrolls of Carelton, Maryland, furnish one Signer of the Declaration of the United States, and service to the Colonial Dames and Daughters of the American Colonists. The Howell ancestry goes back through the Christie, Hanna and Simmons and Butler lines to New Jersey and from most of these to Ireland, and Great Britain. Miss Howell is one of three in Louisiana who are members of the Knights of the First Crusade which took place in 1097.

There are great men and women in the history of all these ancestors and when they shall be gathered together and hearts of all shall be read and all secrets known as the foot of the Great White Throne no one record can follow more closely the teachings of the Master than that of this woman down in Louisiana. From the old slaves, back on the plantation, the young children in the "Free School" during the Reconstruction Period, the harrassed parents of the Depression and Epidemic Periods, for almost seventy-five years, count less numbers of people have appealed to her for strength to carry on and from the depths of her love they have received comfort.

Famous Old Homes of Louisiana

Continued from page 29

countless others. On the German Coast are earlier examples, Ormond, with its detached wings, built by Richard Butler about 1800; and Destrehan; and all that remains of Angelina, a hexogonal pigeonniere—the rest has gone into the river.

And so have many others, and many have fallen into the most extreme decay and stand in the last stages of delapidation. For with the War Between the States and the freeing of the slaves, the great Louisiana plantation system fell, and with it also the fortunes of the proud families who owned these old houses. Fortunately some are now being restored to former luxury and elegance.

marker designating the site of the house from which her father went forth to become president of the United States stands on the old campus, half obscured by trees, to remind Baton Rougeans of the romantic ghosts that walk there.

Sugar Industry in Louisiana

Continued from page 30

P. O. J. is today the most popular and productive cane in the state.

It is estimated that aside from the tropics that Louisiana ranks fourth among the sugar producing countries of the world "employing over 65 sugar houses in the manufacture of the cane crop and 74 per cent of the sugar produced in the United States is grown in Louisiana. The normal production in the state is about 300,000 tons annually.

Louisiana cane syrup is world renown for its delicious flavors and rich sweetness.

A by-product of the sugar cane industry is the recently discovered use for the "bagasse" the refuse cane fibre which for many years cluttered the grounds adjoining the sugar houses and refineries. The new product is known as Celotex and is made by compressing fibre into insulating wall board. The Celotex plant as Marrero, Louisiana has a capacity of over 2,000,000 square feet a day.

We cannot close without reminding one that no sugar plantation in Louisiana is complete without its pecan grove. Thus this delicately flavored nut has found its way into the heart of a delicious cake or sugar and who would not walk a mile for a really old fashioned "mammy made" paraline.

Historical Highlights

Continued from page 39

First gift of lands to America was by Virginia, when five great states of the Northwest were added to the Domain. Under the Southern Presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Polk, Taylor, 2,100,000 square miles were added to the Nation.

It was Thomas Jefferson who inaugurated the policy of Expansion and added the Mississippi Valley in his Louisiana Purchase of one million square miles. It was James K. Polk of Tenn., who added Texas and the Pacific Slope.

Of the fifteen Presidents from 1789 to 1861, eight were from the South, and a ninth, was born and educated in Virginia.

As the men of the South had been pre-eminent in building the Country, so they were pre-eminent when it came to war.

It was George Washington of Virginia, who led in winning the war for American Independence. Southern battles added greatly in the final victory, when Cowpens, Kings Mountain, Guilford Court and Moores Creek, crippled the British. It was John Paul Jones, who won the brilliant naval victory. In 1812 Harrison and Scott of Virginia and Andrew Jackson of Tenneessee led in victory for America.

The Mexican War was won by Scott of Virginia and Zachary Taylor of Kentucky, with young southern officers, Jefferson Davis and R. E. Lee being conspicuous.

First to be offered command of the Union forces was Robert Edward Lee, of the South, in the War between the States (which he declined).

So Southern men brought the Republic forth, and cherished its growth,, from a narrow strip of territory to its inter-oceanic magnitude.

So may the glory of the South in the past stimulate us to national growth today.

Ordinance of Secession

Continued from page 37

iana and the Federal Union dissolved; and that she is a free sovereign and independent power. Louisiana became a separate, independent republic.

Immediately after the adoption of the ordinance, the convention transferred the seat of government to New Orleans. The night when the Ordinance of Secession was adopted, the city was illuminated. The mood of strained loyalty, which produced such demonstrations, found a legitimate vent on February 13, when the State flag was hoisted over the city hall. On that day the militia under command of General J. L. Lewis, assembled in Lafayette Square; the convention suspended its session in order that the members might attend. The flag was hoisted by Colonel Labuzun and de Choiseul.

The convention, which was now in Congress of the free and independent republic of Louisiana met in New Orleans, on January 29th, in the Lyceum Room on the third floor of the City Hall. The election of delegates to the convention of Southern States about to be held in Montgomery, Ala., was one of the immediate questions taken up.

Louisiana had now ceased to be an independent political entity, and had incorporated herself into the Confederacy. It therefore became a part of the military organization of the Confederate States.

The Constitution of 1852 changed to conform to the new conditions. By Saturday March 23, 1861, the work of the Convention was finished and the adjourment reached.

The original Ordinance of Secession which is in both English and French with the original signatures of the signers is in the Cabildo in New Orleans, and contains one hundred twenty-one names.

Children of the Confederacy

Continued from page 41

towards helping to advance the name of Sidney Lanier for the Hall of Fame. These children have planted and maintain a flower bed around Port Hudson.

The John McGrath chapter of the C. of C. broadcasted from WJBO a Robert E. Lee program dedicated to the late Gen L. B. Claiborne of New Roads, former commander of the Louisiana division of the United Confederate veterans.

The second convention of the Children's Chapters took place in May, 1934 in Baton Rouge, when the children pledged themselves to care for the neglected grave of Sarah Knox Taylor, wife of President Davis. They are also to work for the Father Ryan Memorial, the Julia Jackson Chapter giving the first dollar toward the monument. At this convention, a wonderful pageant was presented.

The prize from the General Organization for the best essay on Stonewall Jackson, was won by Master Owen Eckhardt, and Mary Agnes Terrell won honorable mention. Audrey McCarron won the General Organization loving cup for the best essay on "The Rights of Secession." These three children are members of the Julian Jackson Chapter. Owen Eckhardt also won a medal in his school given by Stonewall Jackson Chapter for an essay on Lee, and a silver cup from the division for the essay on Sidney Lanier. Mary Agnes Terrell won a medal from St. Joseph's Academy for the best essay on "Jubal Early", Margaret Bird also won a medal for essay on Lee, and Alma Capdevielle also of this Chapter, won the Confederate essay award at Ursuline Academy.

In Leesville the children do wonderful research work, and are active in the schools.

Beauregard Chapter, New Orleans, and Mary H. Harrison Chapter of New Orleans, entertain the veterans.

These are the future "Daughters" and "Sons" of the Confederacy, who must carry on the work of the organization.

* * * *

ESSAY AWARDS

$5.00 Offered—In honor of Mrs. Eleanor Wiley Blount, by Mrs. Frank A. Dennis, to the C. of C. Chapter placing the largest number of pictures of Sidney Lanier. Award shared by Thomas Jethro Brown Chapter, Winston-Salem, N. C.,, and John McGrath Chapter, Baton Rouge.

Churchill Loving Cup—For the best essay on "The Right of Secession." Awarded to Owen S. Eckhardt, New Orleans, La., member of Julia Jackson, C. of C.

Medal—Offered by Mrs. H. W. Eckhardt, in memory of her mother for the best essay on "The Confederate Cabinet." Awarded to Miss Audrey McCarron, New Orleans, La., member of Julia Jackson, C.. of C.

John James Audubon

Continued from page 31

America, and accompanied by his two sons, he started out upon new excursions, which resulted in his books, "The Quadrupeds of America" and a "Biography of American Quadrupeds" both published in Philadelphia. Soon after this Audubon bought a home near New York City and remained there writing and pursuing his favorite studies until his death on January 27th, 1851.

In his descriptive test, he was not unworthy of his plates, his works being far from mere tenders to picture-books. He was full of enthusiasm and his descriptions of birds and animals are vivid and realistic. Truly the name of John James Audubon is the most distinguished of all times in American ornithology, and in New Orleans, where he spent the most fruitful years of his life in Vieux Carri, named after him as a magnificent park and a telephone exchange. His studio was located at 519 St. Ann St., in one of the famous Pontalba buildings, and it was here that he examined birds new to the eyes of science, and made his marvelous drawings of them.

Audubon's great work was published over one hundred years ago, and a copy of his magnificent masterpiece is on permanent public exhibition in the Louisiana State Museum at the Cabildo.

Sarah Knox Taylor-Davis

Continued from page 35

The bride wore a traveling dress and hat, and the groom a conventional cutaway coat with braided waistcoat and tight trousers fastened under the instep with straps. They left immediately by steamboat for Natchez, where they visited Mr. Davis' brother ,and then went to West Feliciana parish to Locust Grove, the home of Mr. Davis' sister, Mrs. Luther E. Smith, near Bayon Sara.

The death of Mrs. Davis only a few days after the end of their wedding trip at Locust Grove and her burial in the little cemetery there is a tragic story known to all of Louisiana.

But whether the scene of the Taylor-Davis romance was Baton Rouge or Kentucky, whether they strolled the banks of the Mississippi here or elsewhere, and whether or not he rode away with his courageous bride through a misty night, Sarah Knox Taylor will be one of Baton Rouge's heroines of romance as long as the simple white stone

The Scrap-Book

Continued from page 42

Published in Leesburg Mirror, no date—a paper published in Loudon Co. Va.

On Saturday our streets wore quite a military aspect. The Cavalry, under Capt. Shreve—the Guards, under Capt Tebbs, the Artillery, Lt. Heaton commanding; the Leesburg company, under Capt. Rice, and the Tuscarora company, Lt. Garner Commanding, were each out in full force and feather, and demeaned themselves handsomely, and to the infinite delight of juvenility especially.

R. M. Bentley, Esq., one of Loudoun's representatives in the last Virginia House of Delegates, published a card in the last Washingtonian declining.—Sent by Mrs. Garland C. Norris, member of Johnston Pittegrew Chapter, U. D. C., Raleigh N. C. September, 15, 1934.

The New York Southern Society

Continued from page 43

outlined by its Constitution, instead of confining its activities to social functions, though these have increased in popularity. So, those who live south of the Mason and Dixon line may well rejoice that north of that imaginery boundary is this great group of men who are perpetuating the traditions of the South for national enrichment, and not for sectional glorification. All honor to them and to the capable Presidents of this Society who have guided for many years.

* * * *

The Parchments of Distinction were presented at the Dixie dinner by Hon. George Gordon Battle and are as follows:

The New York Southern Society having determined to confer an instrument and writing to be known as a Parchment of Distinction upon persons or organizations who have during the current year made unusual achievements for the perpetuation of the traditions and history of the South:

The Society does now and hereby, after due consideration, confer its Parchments of Distinction for the year Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-four upon Mrs. John Huske Anderson, of Raleigh, North Carolina, and Mrs. Charles Lanier of Greenwich, Conn. for having during that year accomplished an unusual achievement in the perpetuation of the traditions and history of the South.

—Mrs. John Huske Anderson

With The Divisions

Continued from page 45

Preceding their monthly business meeting, March 7, the Southern Cross Chapter, U. D. C. is being entertained by their President, Miss Lois Brown, with a church supper at Calvary Baptist Church.

Miss Eunice Wright, registrar of the Southern Cross Chapter, passed away at her home, 1806 Lamont Street, N. W. on February 18. Miss Wright will be greatly missed in U. D. C. circles. Sympathy is extended to her family in their great loss.

KENTUCKY—

In 1935 three veterans attended the Lee luncheon on the 19th of January Lexington Ky. chapter; a newspaper column of "ten years ago", states that in 1925 there were 25 in attendance.

Honors that have come to Kentucky Daughters lately are: Mrs. Maria Trimble Fish, past president of Joseph H. Lewis chapter, Frankfort, has been appointed postmaster of the capital city. Mrs. Fish is very active in the local and state work. Mr. R. M. Watt, husband of the president of Lexington chapter has been promoted from Executive vice president of Kentucky Utilities to head of the organization in the state. Mrs. Watt was Elizabeth Byers of Lexington and most active in U. D. C. work.

Mrs. Bryant White reviewed Douglass Freeman's "Lee" before the Lexington Altrusa Chapter in January, bringing the southern viewpoint before that body of business women. Mrs. Preston Johnson of the Lexington chapter has reviewed, "So Red the Rose" a number of times before various literary organizations, emphasizing the life and culture of the Old South which she so well exemplifies in her own personality.

Mrs. Lucille Stilwell Williams has written a biography of John C. Breckenridge, first for a Master Thesis, then expanded it into book length, having access to family letters and visiting Washington, D. C. to consult manuscripts there in the War office. She has given addresses based on her work in Frankfort, Georgetown, Paris, Louisville and Lexington.

(On Lee's birthday Mrs. John L. Woodbury was heard over WHAS Radio station, Louisville and Mrs. W. T. Fowler over WLAP, Lexington.)

From Princeton, Ky. last summer Mr. J. L. Murphy, aged 94, last surviving Confederate of Caldwell county, attended the Century of Progress, seeing as much as anyone and enjoying it to the fullest.

Tom Johnson chapter, Princeton, has been very active celebrating Kentucky Day and memorializing the name of Captain Jack Jouett at the same time. Among the Hostesses have been Mrs. Fred Taylor, president; Mrs. J. D. Stevens; Mrs. Willie Croom; Mrs. G. B. Baker, Kentucky Registrar; Mrs. H. L. Terry; Mrs. W. C. Haydon. Guest speaker at one meeting was Mrs. J. C. Wiseman, Division treasurer, Kuttawa; another Mrs. Van Benschoten who writes successful novels under the pen name of "Frances Ogilve" reviewed Heyward's "Peter Ashley". The Lee program in the schools was featured by speeches made by Mr. George Eldred and Rev. H. C. Adcock. Mrs. Grace L. Kevil and Mrs. Gus Baker were in charge. Prize essays in the schools are offered by this chapter.

Miss Jennie Perry, member of the Mrs. Basil Duke chapter, Covington, passed away in the winter; she was one of the oldest Daughters in the state, a sister of Mrs. Kate Perry Mosher, and with her one of the pioneers of the cause they both served so long and well.

The Lexington chapter held its February meeting with Mrs. Robert Watt, the president, the principal address being given by Mrs. Henry Offutt of Frankfort, on the subject, The "Romance of Antiques" illustrated with old silver, and miniature replicas of rare pieces of furniture. Others attending from Frankfort were Mrs. Carlos Fish, Mrs. Bailey Wooten and Mrs. Ruby Laffoon, wife of the Governor of Kentucky. Mrs. George R. Mastin arranged the program which was one of rare interest.

IN MEMORY

DR. LYON G. TYLER,
PRESIDENT'S SON, DIES

The death of Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, president emeritus of William and Mary college and well known historian and geneologist, at his home in Charles City county left Mrs. Pearl Tyler Ellis of Elliston the last of the children of the tenth president of the United States. Mrs. Ellis had been at the bedside of her brother a week before his death occured.

Funeral services for Dr. Tyler were held in Westover church in Charles City county and interment was made at Hollywood cemetery in Richmond. Lyon G. Ellis, a nephew of the deceased who lives at Elliston, attended the services.

Dr. Tyler was praised by John Stewart Bryan, president of William and Mary, for the work he had done for the college and for the contributions he had made to scholarship in the state. Tyler had been widely known for his efforts in preserving interest in Virginia history and in upholding Southern tradition.

He was 82 at the time of his death, being born at Sherwood Forest, the Tyler estate in Charles City county, in 1853. His father was President John Tyler and his mother, Julia Gardner Tyler, member of a widely known Connecticut family and second wife of the president.

In 1878 Dr. Tyler married Anne B. Tucker of Charlottesville. They had three children. His second wife, whom he married in 1923, was Sue Ruffin of Charles City county, who survives him. The two children born of this union, Lyon G. Tyler, 10 and Harrison, 7, also survive.

Kentucky

Mrs. W. F. Fowler and Mrs. A. N. Hall of Lexington lost their brother, Mr. Thomas E. Easle on Dec. 22, 1934, when he was instantly killed in a grade-crossing accident within two squares of his home at Northeast, Pa. Burial at Evergreen County, Newport, Ky. on Christmas Eve.

Maryland

BOULDEN.—Charles Newton, husband of Emma Virginia Boulden, died Thursday morning February 14, 1935, at his home, Carlton Apartments, 3507 North Charles street.

Texas

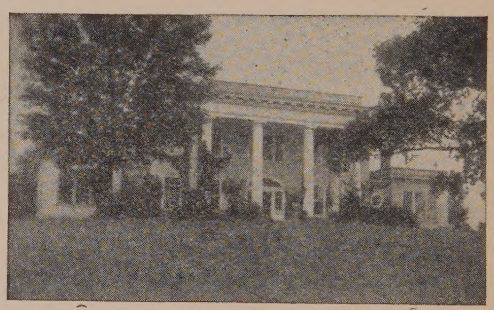
Funeral services for Stark West, pioneer, 75 who died at 11:15 a. m. Monday February 18th at his home, 623 North Sixteenth street, was held at 2:30 p. m. Tuesday at his home, Rev. Everett Jones officiating, burial in Oakwood cemetery, Wilkirson-Hatch in charge.

Son of the late Judge and Mrs. John C. West, Stark West was born in Austin, but was brought to Waco as an infant. As a young man he entered the insurance business, in the firm of West and Scearcy, which he continued for 20 to 30 years, until he entered the First State Bank and Trust company as vice president. He was active in this bank for several years before he gave up his post there to take the management of the Federal Farm Loan bank for this territory. Three years ago Mr. West retired from active business.

He had been ill for a year at the time of his death.

Surviving him are two sons, Jacque C., of Amarillo and Charles F., Dallas; two daughters, Mrs. Mary Richardson and Mrs. H. Leland Amy, of Waco; and a sister, Miss Decca Lamar West.

The Mary West chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is named for Mr. West's mother. Judge West was a Confederate veteran.



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